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THE LIFE OF MOTHER MARGARET MOSTYN

(PRIORESS OF THE DISCALCED CARMELITES AT LIERRE, FLANDERS).

EDITED, FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS PRESERVED AT DARLINGTON, BY
THE REV. H. J. COLERIDGE.*(The Easter Number of the Quarterly Series.)*

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CHAPTER XI.—She is favoured again with a sight of the Order of Carmel, and beholds our Lady as in her triumphant Assumption, by whom she is clothed, girded, and crowned. She sees also the Blessed Trinity and our Lord's Humanity. And throughout the whole chapter is taught humbly to abandon herself to our Lord's disposal.

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CHAPTER XIII.—She is elected Subprioress, admonished of the advantages of corporal infirmities, and forewarned by our Lord of a cross which she understands to be her election as Superior, and in all He requires of her silence, patience, sufferance, and prayer.

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CHAPTER XV.—She sees her little sister as an angel, is favoured with a vision of some of her patrons in Heaven, and of Religious Orders. She sees also the mystery of our Lord's Incarnation, is assured of the great merit of religious vows, and instructed how to rectify her intention even in little things.

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APPENDIX.—A short account of the lives of Mother Ursula of All Saints (Elisabeth Mostyn), Sister Lucy of the Holy Ghost (Elisabeth Mostyn, niece of the former), Mother Margaret Teresa of the Immaculate Conception (Margaret Mostyn), and of Sister Mary Anne of St. Winefrid (Anne Mostyn).

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Mental Culture in Catholic Families.

WE often meet in society and in books with a statement which, if it represents a truth, at all events, in our humble opinion, represents it in an exaggerated form. The statement of which we speak is this—that while Englishmen and Englishwomen in general not only are fairly educated, but carry on the process of education, long after their school days have ceased, by reading, learning languages, practising accomplishments in a way to secure improvement, and the like, this kind of self-education and intellectual activity is very generally wanting among the members of Catholic families. It is said that, as a rule, the reading of Catholic ladies and gentlemen does not extend beyond the newspaper and the novel, with perhaps a light magazine or two—a class to which, of course, no Catholic periodical pretends to belong. Pious people read a little in the religious way, and “patriotic” people a little in the “patriotic” way. Country gentlemen and sportsmen keep an eye on the agricultural, floricultural, and sporting papers; and those who have to appear in “society” are students of the new class of papers which furnish their readers with gossip—not always of the most innocent character. But literary tastes, active mental cultivation, industry in the higher sense of the word—all these are supposed to be wanting in Catholic circles and families. If all these are wanting, it must of course be true that Catholics, as a rule, are dull people, unintellectual, frivolous, whose conversation—for converse they must—ranges from the last favourite preacher to the last item of social tittle-tattle. Art, science, history, poetry, as well as other graver subjects on which men think and converse, are supposed to belong to a range of intellectual activity unknown, as a general rule, to our Catholic ladies and gentlemen.

We have said that whatever truth there may be in this, as it stands, astounding statement, is greatly exaggerated. If

there were more of truth in it than there is, it would still come, as a reproach, with a very bad grace from our Protestant fellow-countrymen. Intellectual activity and literary culture are plants of slow growth in a small and persecuted community—and the Catholic community in England has been small and persecuted to within a very few years from the date at which we are writing—indeed, small it still is, and small it is likely to remain under existing circumstances, while it is not yet free from social proscription and persecution. As to this latter point, let the small flock of converts who are annually aggregated to the Catholic fold speak and bear witness—the wives turned out of their homes by their High Church husbands, and denied intercourse with their children—the girls brought up in habits of luxury and expense condemned to live in poor lodgings on a small pittance, or to take to the utterly uncongenial vocation of the daily governess, if not to knock about the world as best they may in a still worse plight—the eldest sons cut off with a few shillings, the whole mass of converts altogether dropped and “cut” by their former acquaintance. “All intercourse must cease,” “you are become as one dead,” “our friendship is laid in the grave by the step you have thought fit to take.” Social proscription presses, no doubt, harder on the convert than on other Catholics, but it is a great mistake to suppose that it does not extend to them. Anyhow, when Catholics have been for so many generations debarred from all social and educational advantages, it is somewhat hard to blame them for the natural results of such a wholesale ostracism.

We maintain, however, that, in proportion to our population, the amount of active-minded and cultured Catholics is quite as considerable as it ought to be. We should be very glad to see it increased; indeed it must be obvious to any one who is at all acquainted with the conditions under which any literary work among Catholics must at present be carried on, that no other motive but the desire to contribute to such a result can account for any work that may be undertaken in the way of Catholic literature. We maintain, as we have just said, that taking the proportion in which English Catholics stand to the population of the country, and also the proportion in which they stand in those classes of the population who have the opportunities of reading and intellectual activity, we should find as many cultivated Catholic families as there ought to be according to these proportions. The truth is, we are a very small body, and we

must for the present expect the inconveniencies of such a body. If we have a Hierarchy, we must expect to find that many of our dioceses are very poorly provided with priests and people. If we are to have our literary organs, we must make up our minds that they cannot be very prosperous, in comparison with organs of at least no higher intrinsic merit among Protestants. If we aim at having Catholic Clubs, they will be difficult to fill or to keep alive. If we organize grand Educational institutions, we shall find it more easy to furnish them with Professors than with pupils. We must expect all these things, and be very thankful that we have men among us who do not let the difficulties of the situation prevent them from forming large plans and entertaining lofty aims. That is the true policy for the Catholic Church always, and for the Catholic Church in the English-speaking nations in particular. It is the only policy that is consistent with a right appreciation of the mission of the Church, and with faith in her intense vitality and productiveness. It is the only policy consistent with a clear intelligence of the circumstances of our time and country—rather, we should say, of that larger country than Great Britain which includes the Anglo-Saxon race all over the world. That race is entering largely into the possession of the lands which have the promise of the future, while at the same time it is the race of all others, as far as we can tell, in which Catholic instincts have of late been aroused and Catholic traditions stirred up by the good Providence of God. Such a condition of circumstances, as we say, naturally suggests hopefulness, largeness, and loftiness of aim—while it rebukes and reveals the pettiness of the two evil spirits, the influence of which is so frequently to be found in small bodies like our own, one more mischievous than the other, but both mischievous enough—the spirit of grumbling and fault-finding, and the spirit of jealousy and exclusiveness—the spirit that is always picking holes and moaning over deficiencies, and the spirit that regards with an evil eye the good that is done by or the success that attends others, that thinks it allowable to hinder work for God because it does not like the workers to be too prominent.

Well, we have travelled a good way for the subject of intellectual culture among Catholics, and, certainly, the particular scope of this short paper does not justify any very wide range of discussion or speculation. Having maintained that we have as good a proportion of the culture here spoken

of as ought to be expected of us, we may add that there are certain fruits of, as well as certain helps to, such culture which require numbers, as well as union and mutual communication among such numbers as exist, and as to these we must expect to find ourselves positively behindhand in the race with our Protestant neighbours. Such is pre-eminently the higher education on which we have lately had so many lectures read to us. Such is the system of "local" examinations—a very valuable help indeed to culture, because it encourages study and accurate intellectual labour in the young of both sexes who are still not young enough for the College or the class-room. Such is the system of "mutual" improvement, of education in particular departments by correspondence, of clubs and associations formed here and there for the production and criticizing of essays, for a certain amount of daily serious (not religious) reading, for the cultivation of accomplishments, and the like, to which we alluded at the beginning of this paper. A good many of our readers have probably never heard of all these things, though we are glad to know that they are not altogether foreign to some Catholic families. It is not easy to ascertain to what an extent those organizations exist in the community in general or among ourselves in particular. We are afraid that the young ladies are more active in this respect than the young gentlemen, fewer of whom, in proportion, have the time to spare for these efforts at mutual improvement. Perhaps, however, our want of knowledge of masculine attempts of the kind of which we speak may be accounted for by the simple fact

carent quia vate sacro,

—whereas the ladies seem to have their "sacred bard" in the person of the manager of the well known High Church Magazine, the *Monthly Packet*. That estimable publication—sometimes we are afraid containing not very palatable reading for Catholics—devotes a few pages every month to notices to correspondents, under several heads, the contents of which give us quite an appalling idea of editorial activity. One of the heads under which several notices are usually contained is that of societies. We have before us three consecutive numbers of the magazine for the three first months of the present year. One lady would be glad to hear of a German class for girls, "not too advanced." A similar request is repeated in each of the following months, "An amateur

German class conducted by correspondence," and so on. Then any readers of the *Monthly Packet* are invited to join an "Amateur Manuscript Magazine, issued monthly and quarterly, and contributed to by members only. Contributors pay half-a-crown half-yearly, non-contributors eighteenpence. Prizes are given. Members contribute essays, tales, poems, drawings, music." We have seen one or two of these manuscript magazines, in which the first attempts of many ladies who have proved good writers have been made, and they have contained contributions quite worthy of publication. A less ambitious invitation, in another number of the *Monthly Packet*, relates to Essay Clubs simply—these clubs have subjects set them once a month or once a quarter, and the best compositions are rewarded by prizes. Our experience of such clubs has been very slight, and that of which we have seen the most was in its infancy. It was not surprising therefore that the subjects were rather too large, and the writing a little vague. Then there are frequent inquiries about Drawing Societies, Reading Societies, Practising Societies, Working Societies, Societies for Illuminating, and the like. In these cases the members are usually limited to one class, if necessary—that is, the Drawing Society will be for advanced amateurs only. Subjects are given, in many cases a professional critic is induced to give his services in criticizing the performances and in awarding the prizes, which are given half yearly or yearly, as the case may be. The Reading Societies, we believe, bind their members to a certain amount of solid reading every day. They have cards in which they are bound to mark the omission or the performance of this duty, and at the end of a month, or quarter, or a half year, fines are paid, or prizes are given to the most faithful. The Practising Societies go by similar rules. The Working Societies spend so much time a day in work, whether for the poor or otherwise. The societies in which French, German, or Italian, are learnt by correspondence, are under the direction of some lady who undertakes to look over the exercises or translations of the members, and revise them with comments. In some cases the stimulus given to self-education by the University Local Examinations is used as a help to this amateur system. "Two ladies, highly certificated, offer instruction by correspondence to candidates for the Cambridge Local Examinations—Higher, Senior, and Junior—and also to ladies

studying independently of examinations. Occasional oral lessons offered to pupils living in or near London. Subjects taught—Drawing (group R), English History, English Literature, Arithmetic (group A); French, German, Anglo-Saxon (group B), and History (group D)." These ladies add that they require "moderate fees"—but there are many instances in which a great deal of labour is undertaken gratuitously. We notice in one of these collections of announcements a desire evinced by an unfortunate correspondent, for a Society for the Study of Political Economy, or for instruction by correspondence, which has elicited a grave snub from the distinguished Editor of the *Monthly Packet*—a writer not so remarkable for humour as for other very estimable qualities. "Unless the director be a really wise and competent person, young ladies will only bewilder themselves in vain."

No doubt it is quite possible to look at all this from a ludicrous side. But it certainly shows an activity and industry, a desire for improvement, even if in some cases it be only in mere accomplishments, which probably keeps those whom it affects from spending a good many hours in frivolity if not in something worse. After all, what is so bad as an empty-headed girl except an equally empty-headed boy?—and the stronger sex has a certain scope for exertion and development in field sports and the like, which may make them manly and hardy if they do not make him intelligent and give them the power of using their brains, and of conversing with decent common sense. It is something to excel even in shooting pigeons or rabbits. It can hardly be questioned that the frivolity of the day dominates many a character and many a home, quite as much because people do not know how to use their time and the education which they have received, as because they would be unwilling to use them if they knew how. The do-nothing, think-nothing, know-nothing life hangs terribly heavy upon many a poor soul, which is quite capable of better things if they were within its reach. A good deal of the empty-headedness which is so generally deplored must, we fear, be set down to the unintellectual atmosphere of the homes to which young persons of both sexes return after their school or convent years. This influence of home—an influence which ought to be the most blessed of all in all respects—is an element in the actual state of young Catholics which ought not to be so entirely ignored as it is by the various writers on the subject.

What hope is there, in ordinary cases, that the young gentleman or young lady will pursue his or her studies and really cultivate the mind, after school-days are over, or even, it may be said, before they are over, if the home, which is the centre of their affections and their life, is altogether unintellectual, a place where there is never any serious reading, any conversation that requires or employs culture or displays study, thought, or information? In a great many cases, the work of the parents during the holidays of their children, and sometimes not during the holidays only, is practically to undo the work of the instructor at other times, and, if the boy and girl leave their school with some slight taste for reading and intellectual improvement, that little seed is trampled down by the virtual discouragement of those on whom it depends for its future unfolding. We do not enter further on the subject now, but we are convinced that the whole question of education can never be fairly discussed unless the very important element of the influence of home is considered as it ought to be.

To go back to the minor matters of which we have been speaking, it is clear that a system such as that which appears to be in full work among the Anglicans has its great advantages, but that it is a system which requires a certain amount of initiation and organization if it is ever to spread largely among the widely-scattered families, few comparatively in number, of which our Catholic community is made up. We imagine that the mere fact that correspondents can meet one another on the subject in the pages of the *Monthly Packet* must help considerably to the development of the system.¹ But a little more is needed than an organ of mutual intercourse between the persons who may be desirous of enlisting in these associations. It would certainly be a great advantage if such friendly undertakings could be in the first instance promoted by those who have in their hands so large a part of our higher female education, that is, by the estimable congregations of religious ladies to whom English Catholic families already owe so much. Some of them, we believe, have of late begun to send some of their pupils to take part in the Local examinations of which mention has been made; and it might perhaps be advantageous on other grounds also besides, that of the mental culture of girls

¹ We have heard it suggested that the admirable monthly religious magazine, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, might do this part of the work, at least for England and Ireland.

who have left school, if those among them who are so disposed could be organized in small societies such as those which exist among the Anglicans, the arrangement and direction of which might remain, to some extent, in the hands of some one of the religious who may have devoted more time than is usual to the literature and thought of the present day as well as of the past.

The communities of which we speak are to be congratulated on many points, and on none, perhaps, more than on the comparative immunity which they have enjoyed from the criticisms and suggestions of the correspondents of our weekly newspapers and of other writers of the same calibre. Pamphleteers have not as yet discovered that the cause of religion and charity is served by "stirring the waters" of convent education, and by discussing in public whether the system now in possession is or is not altogether unfit to meet the requirements of modern intellectualism, or how far it is free from the inconceivable mischief of resting too much upon asceticism, or of being enforced by means of a careful *surveillance*, to which certain ingenious reformers attach a much more disagreeable name. Good feeling naturally keeps people from attacking those whose only object in the world is to do good, and who do that good with so much kindness and charity in their dealings with others. The great disturbing forces—not less disturbing because they act underground—of jealousy and exclusiveness, have not as yet had much influence in narrowing the liberties and limiting the numbers of the devoted labourers in the field of the higher education of girls. At all events, new comers do not begin by attacking those who have gone before them, and the conventional establishments which undertake the work of education have multiplied themselves—almost, it would seem, to excess—without meeting that particularly pleasant form of opposition which Canning so vigorously denounced in his quotation about the "candid friend." All this is as it should be, and we trust that so it will continue to be. But—

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis

—the letter-box is always open, and the penny post and the good-natured Editor present insuperable temptations to many a knight-errant of the pen. Let us hope that the days of chivalry are not so long passed away as that it may be possible for these doughty champions to turn their lances on the ladies,

instead of fighting in their defence. But it is better to be above criticism than simply to escape it, and it is certain that the present is a time when the advancement of intellectual culture and mental vigour may be very much helped on by painstaking industry and thoughtfulness in some such direction as that which we have been trying to point out.

*Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma and
Placentia.*

CLOSE to the left bank of the Tiber, and not many paces away from the English College at Rome, stands one of that city's finest palaces. Its foundations were laid by Paul the Third, and it was completed by his nephew. Sangallo, Buonarroti, Vignola, and Giacomo della Porta successively employed their talents and their labours in designing and erecting it with stones stolen from the Flavian Amphitheatre. The façade of this palace has a grandeur of its own, and the variety of styles, that mingles together Doric and Ionic and Corinthian columns, makes rather than mars its majesty. Within these precincts art has lavished its treasures on every ceiling and wall, though unfortunately the artists were inspired by sentiments too sensual and pagan. The Caracci and Domenichino lent their pencils to adorn its chambers, and the baths of Caracalla yielded up their long-buried statuary to people its halls. This palace, though by inheritance it long ago passed into the hands of the royal family of Naples, and has been the abode of the Neapolitan ambassadors, and subsequently of Francis the Second and his Queen since their exile began, still bears the name of Farnese from the family by whom it was built.

Pope Paul the Third was the founder of this family, or rather the builder of its fortunes, for the Farnese had been illustrious in history long before they had given a Supreme Pontiff to the Church. The Castle of Farneto, situated between Orvieto and Viterbo, was the family seat, and there was born Alexander Farnese, afterwards Pope Paul the Third. His father was Peter Farnese, Lord of Montalto, and his mother belonged to the Gaetani family. Their son married in early life and the results of the union were two sons and a daughter. Of these the eldest married an Orsini, and had three sons and one daughter. Two of the sons became Cardinals, the eldest, Cardinal Alexander Farnese, being the generous benefactor of

the Church of the Gesù at Rome. Ottavio, the second son, was born on October 8, 1524. At the close of the year 1538 he married Margaret of Austria, natural daughter of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. She was a woman of determined character, very masculine in mind and in looks, and a great lover of the chase. At the age of five she had been betrothed to Alexander dei Medici, Duke of Florence. Their marriage took place in 1535. Their union was not of long duration, the Duke being assassinated within a couple of years of his marriage. His widow shortly afterwards became Ottavio's wife. The wedding was celebrated with great pomp in Rome, where the bridegroom's father resided as Gonfaloniere and Captain of the Roman Church. His son was made on this occasion Prefect of Rome. For several years his wife resided in that city, and to this day one of its palaces, from having been her dwelling-place, is called the Palazzo Madama, or Madam's Palace, she being styled Madam from her relationship to the great Emperor. At first Margaret cared little for her second child-like husband, until her love for him was aroused by anxieties for his safety while he was absent with the Emperor on the unfortunate expedition to Africa. When he returned to Rome two years afterwards he found his wife quite changed towards him, and their former estrangement, caused by disparity of years, completely disappeared when she presented him with twins. To her natural talents and many acquirements Margaret united a very fervent piety. Her devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament was especially tender, as she showed by her care in celebrating the feast of Corpus Christi. Regularly to the end of her life she gave in marriage and endowed twelve poor girls in honour of the feast. On Maundy Thursday, likewise, she fed at her table twelve poor children, waiting on them herself, washing their feet, and sending them away with clothes and money. Her Father confessor during many years was St. Ignatius, and he, as Strada relates, allowed her to approach the holy table oftener than was customary in the sixteenth century. After her death a little book of rules for her conduct in life was found, and this had evidently been drawn up under the direction of her holy confessor. Her husband was a courteous gentleman, a brave soldier, and, better still, a worthy Christian. His devotion was great, especially to Jesus Crucified, so that when he heard that his wife had given birth to twins, instead of at once, as was the custom, receiving the congratulations of

his friends, he hastened to the Church of San Marcello to cast himself at the foot of a crucifix belonging to a confraternity of the Holy Cross, and greatly venerated by the Romans.

On Thursday, August 17, 1545, as Father Ribadeneira relates, Margaret brought into the world twins, both sons. St. Ignatius, in the morning, a little before the event, had heard the mother's confession, said Mass in her palace, and given her Holy Communion. He afterwards remained in prayer for nearly an hour in the chapel of the palace. Then the ladies in waiting came to tell the holy father that the birth had taken place. One of the twins had been baptized immediately, the second received baptism a little latter from the hands of St. Ignatius in the presence of its father. Towards evening, at Margaret's request the Saint read a Gospel over the new-born babes—a devotion which was once common in many parts of France, but of which the Roman Ritual makes no mention. All these ceremonies took place in the Farnese palace, where St. Ignatius spent the day, returning only to supper at home. The happy delivery of the twins was attributed by all in the house to the Saint's prayers, and it was probably to this circumstance that we owe the devotion to the Saint practised by many pious mothers. Three months later, as a tablet yet testifies, the solemnity of the baptism was celebrated by the then Cardinal Dean of the Sacred College in the Church of St. Eustachio. Charles, the eldest born, died while still an infant. The second, baptized by the name of John Paul by St. Ignatius, and to whom in the subsequent ceremony was given the name of Alexander, survived to become one of the great commanders of the sixteenth century.¹

While Alexander was yet young his father inherited the title and estates of the Duchy of Parma and Placentia. The citadel of the latter place, however, was held by a Spanish garrison. The new sovereign was anxious to be free from this restraint, so, to please King Philip the Second of Spain, and to obtain from him the withdrawal of the Spaniards, he sent his child to the Court of the Spanish monarch, to be educated under the care of the King. Philip was then in the Low Countries, and there the youthful Alexander first beheld all the pomp and circumstance of war, and all its stern realities, for it was the glorious epoch of the battles of St. Quentin and Gravelines. Even earlier than this, in his father's Roman

¹ *Précis Historiques*, vol. xxv. p. 105. Brussels, 1876.

palace, the child had grown accustomed to martial sounds and the clash of arms, preparatory to the many expeditions in which his father had taken part—

And from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With heavy hammers closing rivets up,
Gave dreadful note of preparation.

From the name the child bore, and from the circumstances of the family and the times, it was no very rash prophecy which Paul the Third made, when, putting his hand on the infant's head, he blessed him, and foretold his becoming one day a second Alexander—a great warrior. From the Low Countries King Philip sent Alexander to Spain, where he became the playmate of the unfortunate Don Carlos and of Don John of Austria, and studied with them at the famous university of Alcala. Although not lacking capacity the young Farnese, like his imperial grandfather, was no student, loving arms, horses, and martial encounters better than books, scholars, and the class-room. Meanwhile his mother Margaret had been made Regent of the Low countries, and had to contend with many troubles and endure many trials. The nobles, secretly instigated by William of Orange, and driven on by their own pecuniary needs, were constantly ridiculing Cardinal Granvella, Margaret's minister, and bringing her government into contempt. At the same time the sectaries were busy spreading abroad heretical and revolutionary doctrines. Some firm and kind measures, rapidly executed, might have calmed the country, excited to its very core, but Philip only delayed, was stern and inexorable in one direction, mild and yielding in another. Had Margaret been free to act she might have been saved much subsequent misery. It was Philip who stayed her hand and trebled her trials. Of this he seemed now and again conscious, and anxious to console his sister by various acts of kindness. Amongst these he sent to Margaret her son Alexander, and soon after him appeared a bride worthy to become the wife of a young man of such great promise. This was the Princess Maria of Portugal, grand-daughter of John the Third. The marriage was celebrated at Brussels in the midst of great pomp, the Spanish Ambassador from London being present as Philip's special envoy. Immediately afterwards the newly-married couple went to Parma. A quiet life in that city was not to Farnese's taste. Twice he went forth to fight the Turk. Later

on, at the King of Spain's request, and encouraged by the Pope, he joined Don John of Austria in the Netherlands, and the latter's death, by the desire of Philip and at the dying request of Don John, he assumed supreme command of the royal forces in the Low Countries.

Farnese's position was extremely precarious, his resources small, and his forces weak. With great diplomatic skill, he soon secured for himself a footing in the Netherlands by winning over to his side the people of the Walloon country. He then with dexterous energy used his army, and, one after another, the cities of the Low Countries fell into his hands. On January 23, 1579, the union of Utrecht was effected by William of Orange and the Republic of the united provinces was founded. Besides the seven northern provinces that joined the confederation, all the chief cities of Flanders adhered to it. Within two months Farnese was in the field, and after having forced the enemy to fall back on Antwerp, he appeared before Maestricht, invested that city with great rapidity, and in spite of its desperate resistance, soon took it by storm. Fresh troops from Spain and the return of the Walloons to their allegiance enabled Farnese to appear before Tournay with 60,000 men, and after having reduced that place to obedience, he marched victoriously onwards through Flanders to Antwerp, and crowned his success by capturing that great city after a long and difficult siege. Had Farnese then been allowed to secure his conquests, and by wise and gentle measures to pacify the people of the Low Countries, much humiliation and trouble would have been saved the Spanish monarchy. As it was, Philip, pleased at Farnese's success, only saw in him an apt tool to carry out a design then uppermost in his mind. From the Royal Cabinet in the Escorial came orders for the Spanish Armada and the invasion of England. Farnese was ordered to make ready an army to invade our shores, and to equip a fleet to carry it across the Channel. A comparison might be made between the measures taken by Farnese and by Buonaparte to effect their purpose. Both failed, because the fleet, which ought to have swept the seas while the army was crossing "the silver streak," failed to appear in time, being delayed by the daring of British seamen. Of the two commanders Farnese was nearer success than Buonaparte, for had not a tempest scattered the fleet, even the bravery of our seamen would have been vain. That Farnese was nearer

victory than his successor is more wonderful, since he had neither the resources nor the freedom of action enjoyed by Buonaparte. Moreover, he invented a plan of invasion, which was closely copied by the French commander. Farnese gathered together 30,000 men at Dunkirk; he built at Antwerp boats fit to carry across the sea men and horses; he brought these boats to Dunkirk by canals cut for the purpose; and lastly he got together a flotilla manned by sailors from Bremen and Hamburg. He only awaited the appearance of the Spanish fleet to begin his passage to England. The enemy's ships instead appeared off Dunkirk harbour, and as no Armada came to drive them away, Farnese's only alternative was to abandon the expedition. Buonaparte's experiences were very similar. Had Farnese not failed, great would have been his reward. With the hand of Mary Queen of Scots—for Farnese was then a widower—he would have won the crown of England. On his failing, Philip rewarded him with fresh labours, which the faithful soldier, broken in health, did not refuse. He marched into the heart of France, even to Paris itself, to help the League, and more than once his armies and those of Henry the Fourth stood face to face. His last great achievements were the relief of Rouen and the extrication of his army from a most precarious position. These acts he performed, thwarted by envious subordinates, without a tithe of the money needful for such momentous enterprises, and with armies unpaid, ill-fed, and worse clothed, composed of soldiers brave in face of the enemy, and proud of their chief, though often driven to mutiny and excesses by want and starvation. Farnese might have done much more if he had more money from the monarch whom he served, for his was "the will to do, the soul to dare." The monarch too, had he possessed the money, would have given it; yet vast as was the Spanish Empire, rich as were its mines, widespread as was its commerce, its financial system was so wretched that the royal revenues were reduced to ridiculously small proportions. The royal coffers hardly contained enough to purchase a regal coffin. Still Philip the Second could find captains who served him well, and by their loyalty ruined themselves and beggared their descendants. To this day, among the Walloons of Belgium, families are to be found fallen from a state of prosperity, because an ancestor had burdened their inheritance by money spent in retrieving the fortunes of the master of the great Spanish Empire.

If King Philip did not provide his faithful soldiers with the sinews of war so needful for the enterprizes wherewith he charged them, if the sovereign repaid immense services with only a "shall be king hereafter," as when he held out to Don John of Austria and to Farnese hopes of wearing an English crown, he had at least given to the last-named general, at the outset of his career, a great gift in the wife he bestowed upon him. The Princess Donna Maria was handsome, spoke Latin, knew Greek, was familiar with mathematics and philosophy, and well versed in Holy Writ. She loved to meditate on sacred things, to work with her needle, to adorn an altar, or to clothe the poor. Of her piety and modesty Strada gives many instances. Great was the joy of the Farnese family at the marriage, and it found expression in gay pageants, tournaments, and banquets during the celebration of the nuptials at Brussels. Indeed, so general was the joy that for a moment it seemed as if all misery and discontent had fled from the Low Countries, and mirth had made its home there. Alas, how deceptive all this was, yet—

Lift not the festal mask ; enough to know,
No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe.

On the arrival of the newly married couple at Parma more shows and feastings awaited them. Their married life lasted only eleven years. Two sons blessed their union. The eldest, Alexander, succeeded his father in the dukedom, and the youngest, Odoard, became Cardinal. During her life their mother's example quite changed the moral aspect of Parma, and her death, while yet young, was from its holiness a lesson to all. This pious princess was well nigh outdone in piety by her husband. Through life he was wont to attribute whatever of goodness was in him to the prayers of St. Ignatius. His gratitude, as the Protestant Ranke remarks, he evinced by protecting the Jesuits, and by aiding them to form their colleges in the cities of Flanders. Duke Alva, who had made himself so hated in the Netherlands, was hostile to the Jesuits, and their popularity among the Flemings did not suffer by their having been patronized by him. It was heightened by Farnese's protection, for his moderation and firmness endeared him to all the Catholic population. One of Farnese's first acts in favour of the Jesuits was to reopen the colleges from which the heretics had expelled them. He was aided in this by

his brother John, a Father of the Society of Jesus, and one whose humility was as great as his family name was noble. Farnese obtained from Philip the Second for the Order a right to hold property in the Netherlands, and to avail itself of the privileges accorded to it by the Holy See, rights hitherto refused to it by the Spanish sovereign. With the help of the Society, Farnese was able to provide his army with chaplains, and by his desire they enjoyed all the immunities and privileges accorded to the Prince of Parma's own household. In a short time there were enough chaplains to provide one for each regiment, and for each ship in Parma's service. In camp every day began and ended with public prayers, and when the soldiers went into action their greatest anxiety before beginning to fight was to receive the priest's absolution.

Though Farnese was the protector of the military chaplains in his army, the founder of their work was Father Thomas Sailly. This remarkable man was born at Brussels about the year 1543, and taking Holy Orders, he became Canon of the Cathedral of Arras. Going to Rome, he there entered the Society of Jesus. Gregory the Thirteenth sent him with the celebrated Father Possevin on a mission to Moscow. At his return, he was sent by the King of Poland with letters to Farnese. The Prince showed him so much respect that the Father, having delivered his letters, withdrew out of sight to the quiet of a house of his Order in the neighbourhood. The next day, the eve of our Lady's Assumption, Farnese wished to go to confession. "Fetch Father Thomas," he bade one of his guards. After a long search, a Franciscan of that name was brought to the Prince. The latter waxed wrathful, for it was the Jesuit he wanted. Search was made in vain, until at nightfall a trooper, more fortunate than his comrades, found Father Sailly, and brought him on horseback to the general. The latter hastened to meet him, and giving the Father a seat, fell on his knees, and in sight of all the camp, made his confession. From that hour to the Prince's death Father Sailly was his confessor. Thus the Father was able to preach to the soldiers. Other Fathers came to his aid, and in spite of many falling victims to war and diseases, the work went on. Devotion to our Lady became an especial feature in the Spanish camps. Her likeness was embroidered on the standards, and every day her image was saluted with the sounds of martial music. Farnese, who had been at Lepanto, knew who

was the true Help of Christians. It was under such a chief, that at the siege of Antwerp, Tilly, the Catholic hero of the Thirty Years' War, learned to be a soldier and a Christian. Father Saily, the Apostle of Camps, after many years of service in face of the enemy, and especially during the long siege of Ostend, died in the city of his birth in 1623.² Farnese's religious efforts had their reward even in this world. A Protestant has justly appreciated the results of those efforts. "Farnese caused education," says Ranke, "instruction, and preaching to be spread abroad. . . . These measures insensibly produced great results. It made Belgium, troubled during more than forty years by the sectaries, one of the most Catholic countries of the world. In fine, in the Low Countries, Catholicity, reconciling itself with local privileges, kept itself pure and strong, and produced that religious revival which brought about the reign of Albert and Isabella."³

While Farnese was making ready to invade England, numerous were the diplomatists and endless the diplomatic negotiations that passed between the Spanish camp and the English Court. Robert Cecil relates, in a letter to his father, how he visited the Prince of Parma at Ghent. After passing through an antechamber, dining-room, and an inner chamber, he was ushered into the Prince's bedroom, of which the furniture, in the Englishman's eyes, was mean and small. The man who stood in that mean room needed little upholstery to set him off to advantage. Farnese was a noble type of the Italian race. His stature was not tall, though commanding. His hair was closely cut, his moustache and beard wholly concealed his mouth and chin, and were as jet black as his eyes were piercingly dark, looking into the very soul of every man upon whom their gaze fell. An aquiline nose and high forehead gave a noble aspect to his appearance. "Well formed and graceful in person, princely in demeanour, his high ruff of point lace, his badge of the Golden Fleece, his gold-inlaid Milan armour, marked him at once as one of high degree. A man rarely reposing, always ready, never alarmed, living in the saddle, with harness on his back, such was the Prince of Parma."⁴ He was a man born for warfare. At the age of eleven years, he

² P. Smet in *La Belgique Catholique*, vol. iii. p. 188.

³ Ranke, *History of the Papacy*.

⁴ Motley, *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, vol. ii. p. 325, and *United Netherlands*, vol. i. p. 133.

wept bitterly because Philip the Second would not allow him to serve as volunteer in the battle of Saint-Quentin. At Parma, in his youth, his sword would not stay idle in its sheath. Disguised and alone, he would at night ramble through the streets, challenging all comers to measure their swords with his. At Lepanto he headed the men when boarding a great treasure ship of the Turks, and with his two-handed sword cut a way for his soldiers to follow him through the enemy's ranks. So rash seemed his bravery, even to the brave conqueror of Lepanto, that Don John censured Farnese for it. The latter replied that he could not help being courageous even to rashness, for his wife's prayers at home, he felt, gave him more than mortal daring. At a later date, his quick eye and dashing courage won for Don John the victory of Gembloux. While besieging Oudenarde, he worked and lived in the trenches like any common man. His meals were often taken while under the enemy's fire. One day, at dinner, two well-aimed cannon balls killed some of the guests at his table. Nevertheless he continued seated and eating, saying that he would show besiegers and besieged that such trifles could not frighten him away. While, towards the end of his career, he was relieving Rouen, as he was going the rounds with an Italian engineer officer, on a sudden, the latter noticed that his chief was growing pale. He then saw that a bullet had wounded the Prince in the wrist so severely, that it afterwards obliged him to take to his bed; yet in his anxiety to do his work, the Prince had not winced under the blow and the pain which it must have caused.

If however his courage as a soldier was great, his skill as a commander was greater. As a military engineer he was far in advance of his age. In one branch of his art he remains unsurpassed. Cæsar's bridge across the Rhine still plagues the ingenuity of school boys and excites the interest of their elders. A great soldier of modern times—the late President of the United States of America—spoke of a certain bridge he had built during his campaigns, as if it were a greater achievement than any battle he had won. Yet the bridge of the Roman and that of the American were trifles, when compared with that which Farnese built across the Scheldt below Antwerp. And he built and maintained it in spite of winds, tides, and floods, in spite of hostile fleets, fireships, and armies hurled against it. How it was built and how it was defended, forms

one of the most interesting chapters of military art and has been well told by several writers, among the best by Strada and Motley. From the construction of this bridge one lasting advantage was derived, proving once again that 'tis an ill-wind that blows nobody good. Farnese, that he might the more readily bring timber to the spot where he built his bridge, cut a canal, twelve miles in length, through what was then a poor and marshy country. That canal has been the primary cause of the Waesland becoming, what it now is, the most densely populated and best cultivated corner of Europe. Farnese's skill was greatest, as was that of most Italian soldiers during the sixteenth century, in engineering operations; and bridges and sieges served him better perhaps than did his pitched battles. It was in this that his character as a soldier differed from that of the other great captain of his age, Henry the Fourth. The Prince of Parma was a highly trained soldier, a student of the art of war, educated in the Spanish and Italian schools, a captain skilful and cautious, yet at need daring any danger, more reckless of his own life than of the lives of his followers. As a youth he did not show the caution which he displayed when pitted against Henry of Navarre. The latter was quite different in character to his opponent. He lacked all caution and was daring to rashness. In the game of chess called war, his pawns, knights, and most valued pieces were hurled with an almost indiscriminate impetuosity on their opponents. Fortunate was it if no check rudely arrested their onslaught. Twice at least Farnese might have made Henry his prisoner, and on both occasions he let slip the opportunity. The cautious Spaniard could not believe that the Frenchman had so rashly exposed his person and the fortunes of his cause to the grasp of his enemy's hand.

A trait which distinguished Farnese among most of the great captains of his times, was his generosity to the vanquished. Mr. Motley, who cannot be accused of partiality in regard to the officers who served Philip the Second, says that "it is agreeable to reflect, too, that the fame of Farnese is not polluted with the wholesale butchery which has stained the reputation of other Spanish commanders so indelibly."⁵ It is true, however, that on several occasions his soldiers put to the sword the whole garrison and population of places taken by assault, and however indefensible this may now seem, it was sanctioned by the ruthless custom of the age and in accordance

⁵ Motley, *United Netherlands*, vol. i. p. 143.

with the laws of war as observed in the sixteenth century. Nothing more clearly reveals the Prince's merciful disposition than his treatment of Antwerp after its long and stubborn resistance. Little more was asked of the city than a small war indemnity, the reintegration of all expelled religious in their properties within its walls, and the re-establishment of the Catholic religion. A pardon was granted to all guilty of treason and an exchange of prisoners was made, while all who resolved to remain heretics were allowed four years within which to wind up their affairs before emigrating. "It redounds," says the Protestant writer quoted above, "to the eternal honour of Alexander Farnese, when the fate of Naarden and Haarlem and Maestricht in the days of Alva, and of Antwerp itself in the horrible 'Spanish Fury,' is remembered, that there were no scenes of violence and outrage in the populous and wealthy city which was at length at his mercy after having defied him so long."⁶ Farnese was generous and ready also to recognize merit and bravery in a foe. When Sluys surrendered, Alexander spoke in high praise of an Englishman who had greatly distinguished himself in defending the place. "No prince in Europe is served by a braver soldier than this Englishman," exclaimed Alexander, as he pointed the hero out to his staff. Once the commander's courtesy to his opponents led to great results. An old lady in Antwerp, who was somewhat ailing, fancied nothing would do her good except asses' milk. It could not be got within the walls of the city, so she sent a young man out to seek for some. He was made prisoner by the Spaniards and taken to the Prince as a spy. To the youth's surprise, instead of being hung as he expected, he was set free, and sent back to the old lady, bearing with him from the Prince a present of partridges, capons, and the much-coveted milk. This courtesy led to an act of acknowledgment from the city magistrates, then to diplomatic relations, and lastly to a capitulation.

Such then is the portrait of Alexander Farnese in its genuine traits. There have not been wanting enemies, hostile historians, and treacherous friends, to deepen the shadows with no sparing brush. During his lifetime they accused him of approving and abetting the murder of William of Orange, they whispered calumnies against him into the ear of a suspicious and too credulous sovereign. And since his ashes have lain in the cold grave, the same and similar charges, such as dissimulation

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 24.

in state affairs during an age when all diplomacy was Machiavelian, and no better than the European diplomacy of to-day, have been made against him by writers too anxious to decry all that does not square with their preconceived notions. In regard to these charges, we have space here only to remark, that an impartial biographer of the Prince of Parma would not find it hard to meet them with sound and solid answers. Until such a biographer appears, it will suffice, as Mr. Motley says, to "pass over, as beneath the level of history, a great variety of censorious and probably calumnious reports as to the private character of Farnese, with which the secret archives of the times are filled."⁷ Whatever the nature and from whatever source these rumours came, they did not much trouble Alexander, and in his letters to the King and to various great personages he does not seem to have thought any serious contradiction to such rumours at all needful on his part. He considered that his honour and fidelity were above suspicion. He forgot that he had enemies who were only capable of judging him by their own mean standard, and that he served a sovereign whose soul was cankered by a keenly suspicious jealousy. Philip the Second never had a more dexterous and faithful servant, and never bestowed the Collar of the Golden Fleece on any one so worthy of it as Alexander Farnese. And that good judge of character, Pope Sixtus the Fifth, ratified the King's opinion of the great commander when he bestowed on him the blessed hat and sword. Philip nevertheless lent his ear to calumniators, until he believed what they told him, and then unjustly began to look about for the means of disgracing his best and bravest soldier.

The suspicions of his Sovereign and the intrigues of his enemies were never destined to give much concern to the Prince of Parma; for the career of the first soldier and diplomatist of his age came to an end while he was still in the prime of life. The soldier who so stoutly had done battle with Turk and heretic, succumbed at last to a complication of diseases, aggravated by the effects of a badly-healed wound. Yet in spite of intense sufferings, he was determined to die in harness, and rode forth to head his army when unable to mount his horse without assistance. Such a man, as he said himself, was not fit to cope with Henry of Navarre, yet, as long as he was in the field, he managed to check Henry's plans and make the influence of

⁷ *United Netherlands*, vol. iii. p. 214, footnote.

Spain felt in France. At last, more dead than alive, he withdrew from the struggle and retired into the Low Countries. He sought for himself a few days' repose in the Abbey of St. Vaast at Arras. There, as he was about to retire to rest for the night, he was seized with a fainting fit, and shortly afterwards died, in the arms of his friend and confessor, Father Sailly, on December 3rd, 1592, at the age of forty-seven. The grandson of Charles the Fifth, the nephew of Philip the Second was buried, robed in the brown habit of a tertiary of St. Francis, in the small church of the Capuchins at Parma. A pompous funeral was celebrated at Brussels, and his statue was set up in Rome, but, at his own desire, the remains of the great Prince of Parma rest humbly in the capital of his little principality.

W. C. R.

Instinct and Mind.

OF all human studies, mental science, or the philosophical investigation of mind, is acknowledged to be beset with the most serious difficulties. Nevertheless, at present more than ever, it is incumbent on those who can, to face these obstacles and to work might and main to acquire sound and clear principles concerning the nature of those faculties, by means of which we are brought into contact with the universe, and become living mirrors of it, that is, not only reflecting its infinite facts, possibilities, and truths, but knowing that we do so. The reason why this duty of introspection is imperative is that men, highly gifted and deeply in earnest, are devoting all their powers to the propagation of a debasing philosophy, having for its fundamental doctrine, that man and brute and plant and mineral are essentially one, the varied but continuous product of one primeval substance, which, originally existing in the form of a nebular mist or vapour, has in the course of countless ages evolved itself by its own necessary laws into suns and planets, teeming with infinite forms of organic and inorganic beings.

The consequences and morals of this product of advanced scientific philosophy have been admirably and succinctly brought before the public about three thousand years ago by the atheist in the Book of Wisdom, who crowned himself with roses before they were withered, and gaily remarked to his friends: "Our body shall be ashes, and our spirit shall be poured abroad as soft air, and our life shall pass away as the trace of a cloud,¹ and shall be dispersed as a mist, which is driven away by the beams of the sun . . . Come, therefore, and let us speedily use the creatures as in youth."²

¹ "Here, however, I touch a theme too great for me to handle, but which will assuredly be handled by the loftiest minds, when you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past" (Conclusion of Professor Tyndall's Belfast Address).

² Wisdom ii. 3, 6.

Thus we see all real morality is destroyed, and the "essential bestiality of man" established on a thorough-going scientific basis. Now this unwisdom can be rigidly demonstrated to be false by investigating the nature of the brain-powers of brutes and the mind of man.

The fairy tales of science become absorbingly interesting once the mind is roused to the perception of the wonders amid which it exists, and of which it is a great part. Of these tales none more marvellous can be told than those which deal in the social organization, arts, wars, and ways in general of bees, ants, and wasps, *mores et studia et populos et praelia*,³ and in the sagacity and capacity for training of dogs, monkeys, and foxes. The cognitional powers of these creatures mostly transcend, each in its own line, the external results of the best cultivated human reason, and often simulate that Godlike faculty in a way to convince the unphilosophical observer that the "large discourse, looking before and after," is shared by man and brute. But, while they plainly indicate that they are the effect of an all-wise intellect, they prove to him who will patiently examine them, that they differ infinitely from those of man, in this, that whereas our faculties show us to be spiritual beings, capable of existing and acting without material organs, the powers of brutes are so immersed in, engaged and dependent on organism, that it is impossible to believe they can survive the destruction of the vital matter which exhibits them.

With regard to brutes I will first give a few instances, which on the face of them would lead us to suppose that reason directed their acts; then I will touch upon some vital phenomena which reason cannot be supposed to have a hand in, and which will render the proof that all acts of brutes are irrational more easily accepted; after this, I will analyze the organic faculties by which all these actions are performed. Finally I will go on to consider, principally by way of contrast, the higher faculties of the human mind, which using this lower animal nature infinitely transcends it, and enables us to grapple with and master facts and truths, not only of space and time, but also unconditioned by either, and embracing all being and all eternity.

The honey-bee is a member of an organized community remarkable for loyalty to the reigning monarch, order, industry, patriotism, and mathematical masonry. Not the least surpris-

³ *Georg.* iv. 5.

ing phenomenon connected with this tiny creature is, as we must have all observed, that it travels so far from home and finds its way back over garden-walls and fields, roads, rivers, trees, and hedges, with its store of hard-earned honey and other useful materials. Let us follow one of these business-like little animals some fine evening and take a peep at the insect city of which it is a soldier-citizen. A bee community consists of a queen, the males or drones, and the neuters or workers, who gather honey and building stuffs, make the combs, tend the young, wait on the queen, and turn out when occasion requires to fight to the death *pro aris atque focis*. These functions they take in turn, the same individual being at one time engaged in domestic offices, at another building, by and bye on guard as sentinel, anon on the wing gathering honey all the day from every tree and flower. The utmost order and industrious tranquillity prevail in a hive as long as the queen is safe. This personage, whose chief duty is to lay eggs, is regarded with boundless veneration by her subjects, and always moves about attended by a body-guard :

Regem non sic Ægyptus, et ingens
Lydia, nec populi Parthorum, aut Medus Hydaspes
Observant.⁴

She lays three sorts of eggs which develop into drones, workers, and princesses or young queens. It would perhaps be more correct to say that there are but two sorts of eggs, male and female, the young queens being fully developed females, owing to special treatment, while the workers are undeveloped. When circumstances require, it has been observed that the nurses by means of royal food can evolve a plebeian neutral larva into a princess or queen. All the eggs are attended to by the workers, who see the young safely through the stages of larvæ and pupæ, feeding them most tenderly and assiduously with nourishment befitting their vulgar or royal palates. Two queens cannot exist in the same hive without throwing everything into confusion. If such a coincidence take place, the workers soon surround the Amazons and bring them face to face, whereupon a mortal combat ensues, and the survivor is monarch of all she surveys. In the summer, shortly before the virgin princesses break from their royal cells, the old queen becomes restless, and communicates her uneasiness

⁴ *Georg.* iv. 210.

to multitudes of her subjects. An unerring instinct drives her to forsake her ancient kingdom, and at the head of an army of adventurers, she goes forth to found a new empire, the history of which is, in the natural course of things, identical with the old one. Thus the first swarm is led off. A young queen now makes her appearance. The first thing she attempts is to break into the royal cells and slaughter her coming rivals. The sentinels prevent this, without however wounding her Majesty, an act which they never under any provocation attempt. Indignant at these repulses, she leads off a swarm of sympathizing followers. This process may be repeated, if the hive be very populous, but usually two swarms leave it very thinly inhabited, so much so that there are no longer sentinels enough left to guard the royal chambers. The consequence is that two or three queens escape simultaneously, and coming together fight, the strongest remaining ruler and immediately killing all the other chrysalis princesses. Sometimes the young bees refuse to leave their ancestral home, whereupon a terrible battle takes place between them and the older inhabitants, victory usually declaring itself for the veterans, who drive off the unwilling exiles diminished and dispersed. Other wars they wage too against fiercer foes with varying success. Wasps, a robber horde, who dote on honey, make a ceaseless war on bees, lying in ambush to attack and kill and plunder the home-returning worker at evening, heavily laden with its nectar store; and often, too, in masses these bandits storm a hive for wholesale massacre and pillage. Frequently the bees, owing to their numbers and dauntless bravery, defeat the foe, though the wasp individually is much more than a match for the bee. The combs, in which the young are reared and the honey stored, are marvels of exquisite workmanship. They are made of wax, a substance that the bee secretes for the purpose. They are built in perpendicular rows, attached to the roof, but not to the sides of the hive. The chambers are hexagonal and in shape, size, position, strength, and general adaptation for their special ends, have been proved to be simply perfection, not only from observation, but also according to the results of the severest calculations, worked out by eminent mathematicians.

The social organization of the wasps is not a whit less extraordinary than that of a bee. Our old enemy, which few can see near them without a shudder, is the neuter or worker, and fierce an Ishmaelite as it is to all non-wasps, it works hard

and self-sacrificingly for its own. The shark is scarcely less discriminating in his appetite than the voracious wasp. Honey, cake, fruit, meat, sought for in town and country, and carried off in pieces at times not smaller than half the creature's bulk, are shared with strictest justice among the domestic functionaries. Their cells, made of a substance the same as fine paper, are no less beautiful than those of bees. It has been remarked that had men observed the ways and works of animated nature more keenly in former times, many inventions of modern days would have been anticipated. Wasps can teach us how to make paper from vegetable and other fibres, by reducing them to a pulp, and then by means of a delicate glue, spreading this soft mass into an exceedingly fine sheet. Luckily for us these elegant marauders live but one year. Were they as long-lived as bees, which according to Virgil have a seven years' lease of life, they would become a terrible plague. A vigorous queen or two pull through the winter. Thus a fresh nation is started in spring.

It is hard to say which species of ants display the most surprising marks of intelligence. These, too, have the triple class, royal personages, males, and workers of undeveloped sex. The termites or white ants of Africa are regularly divided into nobles, soldiers, and toilers. They build pyramidal structures of some ten feet over ground and as many beneath. These fortresses are so strong that six men could stand on one. A collection of them on a plain looks like a village of scattered hovels. Within, there are royal apartments, halls, and galleries. Other tropical ants tunnel through woodwork, making long galleries all converging to a central chamber. These ferocious carpenters are an inch long, and will attack and pick to the bone rats, dogs, sheep, and sometimes man himself. Our tiny ants are just as interesting and of course infinitely pleasanter to deal with than these tropical savages. Every one must have watched the busy toiler in the garden, hurrying to and fro, dragging and shoving food and building materials to its home, and running off for help when unable to proceed further alone. All the species seem to wage wars of the most sanguinary description with the inhabitants of rival ant kingdoms. They advance to the attack in several columns or masses, have a vanguard and reserves, which last do not engage unless there is danger of defeat. They have been observed to take prisoners and to convey them to the rear to be guarded. They remove the

wounded with infinite care and will die in their defence. When a rival city is carried by assault, the adult inhabitants are massacred or dispersed, and the eggs are carried off by the victors for the purpose of supplying slaves "to the manner born." In their unflagging and well-ordered industry, in the signs by which they call for help and communicate discoveries, in their loving care and nurture of the young, bringing them to the highest stories of the dwelling to enjoy the warmth in hot weather and down to the snugmost subterranean retreats in cold, and risking everything to save them when invaded by human or ant foe, in their headlong gallantry and self-sacrificing patriotism, "we find in ants phenomena which simulate an intelligence such as ours far more than do any phenomena exhibited by the highest beasts. Ants display a complete and complex political organization, classes of beings socially distinct, war resulting in the capture of slaves, and the appropriation and maintenance of domestic animals (*Aphides*) analogous to our milk-giving cattle."⁵

Some years ago there was an account in *Nature* of a fox, which under the following trying circumstances, acted so cunningly that the narrator thought none but the wilfully blind could fail to see the presence of a veritable reasoning faculty in this wily quadruped. Our friend, long as to his head and tail, was making for home after a successful foraging expedition, for he was running off with a fine fat goose. He had to cross a stone wall, over which he could without any great trouble bound unweighted, but after several unsuccessful efforts he found he could by no means get over, goose and all. What was to be done? Visions of an irate Mrs. Fox and of querulous juvenile foxes no doubt stimulated fox senior to further efforts. After various distressing performances over which there is no need to linger, a happy thought seemed to strike the robber. Some way upon the wall there was a chink, into which he fixed the bill of the goose, then jumping up on the top and bending over he caught the goose by the neck, hauled it up, and went on his way rejoicing. After such an exhibition of ingenuity, who could doubt of reason being possessed by the wily performer? Well, it will be demonstrated that neither here nor in any brute manifestations is there the slightest trace of the Godlike faculty of thought, as residing in them. I take some of the most striking instances I can find

⁵ *Lessons from Nature*, p. 215.

so as to more clearly point out the infinite difference between human mind and brute instincts.

Mr. Darwin tells us that monkeys when once deceived, evince a cautious shrewdness against further imposition, which argues their being endowed with reasoning faculties. After sugar rolled up in little paper bags had been thrown to some of these amusing but unpleasant brutes, wasps were presented to them in the same guise. Stings and fury were the result. After awhile, sugar rolled up as before was flung to them. They all previous to opening the bags put them to their ears, to ascertain if there were any buzz, indicative of sting, going on within.

Along the quay of a crowded city I have watched the indefatigable sagacity of the sheep-dog, keeping a flock in perfect marching order in spite of many obstacles, owing to ovine wrong-headedness and the *fumum et opes strepitumque* of a busy thoroughfare. If any member of his flock fell out of the ranks, with a sharp bark the lieutenant was down upon it, and a bite or the remembrance of one restored order in that quarter. Then he would gallop round by the rear of the troop, dressing the ranks as he ran, and letting his charge know that no disorder could be carried on for more than a very short period with impunity. The capacity for training, in its own line, of this faithful creature can only be properly appreciated by being observed. In mountainous districts or with large flocks a well-trained dog is indispensable to the shepherd. At a signal he will gather the scattered sheep, and drive them into one place from the well-loved dizzy spots which no human foot could safely tread. The appearance of every sheep in his charge soon becomes known to him. With much barking and biting he will drive away intruders from other pastures. Conducting the march of his flock from pasture to fold, or fair, or ship, along road, or street, or quay, he will stand at cross-ways until all have filed past, and will keep a sharp look-out for stragglers or adventurers inclined to go the wrong way. This valuable confederate of the shepherd is never more happy than when collecting, driving, and guarding the sheep under his care from all perils, whether arising from their own sheepishness or the clashing interests of non-sheep.

Sufficient has now been related to bring before our minds the external phenomena of brute brains. It will smooth the way to believing and seeing that these phenomena are the acts

of an organic faculty known as instinct, an inherited and developed power, by which the organism acts necessarily in the manner best suited to the preservation and propagation of itself in the presence of varying circumstances, if we consider some modes of vital action more surprising perhaps than the above, and which cannot be conceived as due to self-conscious reasoning.

If certain substances forming the peculiar food of a plant, along with other innocuous matter, be dissolved in a glass of water, it will be found that the plant will grow as if in the earth. Examination of the substances left after growth will show that the plant has absorbed nothing but its own food, leaving the other dissolved matter untouched. If the plant be changed the food consumed varies too. Plants, then, *seem* "to have a kind of instinctive knowledge of what is best for their nutrition." On this selective faculty is founded the theory and practice of "rotation of crops." In brutes, as in man, processes of growth, nutrition, and reproduction go on wholly independently of the knowing faculties. The circulation of the blood, digestion, respiration, formation of fluids, tissues, and bones proceed silently under the influence of mysterious vital power. That same power which constitutes the organism living works in the brains and nerves of brutes, and as the convexities of a curve are determined by its concavities, so are the cognitional acts of this vital power determined by the molecular quivering or motion of that nerve matter. Not so in the case of man.

The passionate study of external nature has revealed to scientific inquirers astonishing facts, which make quite intelligible how it is they pursue their researches at the risk of life and health, in every clime, season, and hour, consumed with an insatiate craving to know more and more of the mysterious world around, and of the Power of which it is the manifestation. One of the most interesting of these discoveries is that called "mimicry."⁶ This means the power of simulating plants, animals, and even inorganic substances, which many plants and insects possess, chiefly, but by no means wholly, for protective purposes. Thus beetles imitate or mimic bees, wasps, bits of dung, and drops of dew. There is a member of the grasshopper

⁶ Here, and frequently throughout this article, I am indebted for my facts to Mr. Mivart's great work, *Lessons from Nature*, chapter viii. "Likenesses in Animals and Plants."

family known as the "walking leaf," it bears so close a resemblance to a leaf. When found among real leaves it is almost impossible to distinguish the animal from the plant. Among the family of plants known as orchids we have in the flowers singularly close resemblances to bees, swans, frogs, and doves. Mr. Wallace, the distinguished naturalist, whose claim to be regarded as the originator of the theory known as "Natural Selection" is at least equal to Mr. Darwin's, and whose exquisite modesty caused him to forego that claim, gives many amazing instances of this singular phenomenon. In the South Sea Islands he frequently came across a species of large butterfly, whose wings on the upper surface were remarkably beautiful and attractive, the colours being chiefly a deep blue ground with a broad orange band. Scarcely in any two of these insects did he find the under-surface the same. This part is of many different sombre tints, ashen, brown, ochre, in fact every hue assumed by dead, decayed, or dying leaves. The insect frequents forests where dead leaves and decaying trees are in great abundance. It has many enemies to contend against, but owing to its mimicking powers it eludes them and exists in great numbers. The upper wings are produced to a sharp point, as are the leaves of many tropical plants. The under wings are much shorter and end in a sort of stunted tail. Between these two extremes there runs a raised line with branching markings exactly counterfeiting the midrib and veins of a leaf. The short tail of the lower wings mimics a perfect stalk. When the creature, which flies with great rapidity, settles on a tree, it immediately folds its showy wings close together, covering thereby its body, head, and antennæ, the tail touches the branch of the tree precisely as if it were a stalk, and it keeps its position by means of very small feet which cannot be seen without the closest examination. The irregular and shrivelled outline of the closed wings in this position imitates a dead leaf with such perfection as to defy detection by any foe, save perhaps the trained naturalist, for Mr. Wallace did not seldom detect them so reposing, after he had hunted them from tree to tree, most frequently failing to find them, and that too, although a few seconds before he had seen the brilliant object of the chase settling amid the dying leaves. More wonderful still these insects and others mimic the holes, spots, and blotches exhibited by dead leaves, and caused either by insects, or mould, or moss, or minute fungi, so that

at first one believes these poor things have been actually eaten or attacked like the real leaves, which is not the case. In the same regions are found insects called "bamboo" or "walking-stick" insects. They are sometimes a foot long and as thick as one's finger, and cannot be easily distinguished from bits of bamboo. They are to be seen among shrubs in the forest, hanging loosely about them, and as they stretch their legs out in different directions they look for all the world like dry twigs of bamboo. Now if nature ("nature is but the name for an effect whose cause is God") has endowed these animals with this instinctive and mostly protective power, without its involving any reasoning or intelligent action on their part, is it not easy to become convinced that all other brute actions, which simulate intelligence, are likewise performed by an instinctive and organic faculty involving no reasoning or deliberation properly so called?

If we examine our own cognitional powers we shall be able to get a clear idea, though of course not perfect knowledge, of how a brute acts, and of the impassable abyss which separates us from all the lower animals. Himself a man has always with him. Each human being is a compendium of humanity, and in himself he may study man; and as man is the microcosm partaking in the nature of all modes of created being, into himself he may withdraw with his stores of knowledge, and in himself evolve more or less perfectly the universal plan and the details of it.

By means of the external senses we are primarily brought into communication with the outside world. These senses are commonly reckoned five, namely, sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell. The apparatus by means of which the senses subserve the higher powers is called the nervous system. It chiefly consists of the brain, the spinal marrow and long whitish fibres, or bundles of fibres, proceeding from the brain and spine, and permeating the muscles and organs of sense and motion. There is another set of nerves, connected with this cerebro-spinal department, but yet distinct from it, called the sympathetic, under the control of which all vegetative processes, such as digestion, circulation, secretion, assimilation, and elaboration of tissues are carried on; so that we see the whole animal economy is under the dominion of the nerves, but, for our present purpose we need only specially consider the former system. Its fibres are of two sorts, sensor and motor. Though

functionally diverse they are identical in appearance and formation. Through the sensor nerves sensations arise, the motor move the muscles, either in obedience to the will and emotions, or in response to unperceived stimuli.

The eye, the most excellent of all the external senses, has for its object the whole universe in so far as it is visible. Colour, then, is what it is primarily employed about, and secondarily shape, size, distance and such. Colour or light is supposed to be caused by very minute vibrations of an imponderable jelly-like substance called ether, which is believed to fill all actual space, even the interstices between the ultimate atoms of bodies. Luminous bodies are those which can cause this invisible, intangible, wholly imperceptible substance to vibrate. Such are the sun, the fixed stars, gas in a state of combustion, &c. Most bodies are rendered visible by their various power of reflecting these vibrations. White light is produced by the combined action of all manner of visual vibrations falling on the eye in parallel rays. When this parallelism is destroyed by refraction the prismatic colours of the rainbow display themselves. These colours are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. We can form some notion of the length of the light-waves by considering the number of them it takes to cover an inch. The longest are those of the red, the shortest the violet, and they vary per inch from thirty thousand of the red to sixty thousand of the violet, so that, for all intents and purposes, we can take light as radiating in straight lines. The different colours of bodies are caused by their several powers of absorbing or reflecting these waves. The sensation therefore of light or colour is naturally caused by these ether quiverings impinging on the lens of the eye, and being brought to a focus on the retina, a delicate membrane at the back of the eye, where an inverted image of the object is formed. This membrane is in connection with the optic nerve, which is next set in motion, thence the molecular agitation is conveyed to the nerve-centre or cell in the brain, which instantaneously responds, vital action ensues outwards from the cell along the very same path the ether waves came in, the sense of vision tends vitally out towards its object, and, according to the law of its nature, posits or places the object where it is, that is outside. It is a mistake to suppose that we perceive sensations. We perceive objects, we are conscious of sensations. The reason why single vision accompanies the action of two eyes is that

both eyes tending vitally out, focus each point of the object in identically the same spot. If the vital tendency of the eyes were literally represented by visible rays two pencils from the lenses would converge towards the very same point of the object.

The sensation of hearing is excited by vibrations in the air striking upon the tympanum or drum of the ear, which sets in motion a wonderful arrangement of bones constituting the inner ear. This causes the acoustic nerve to quiver, whereupon its nerve-centre in the brain responds, and the sensation is completed where it began, that is, not in the brain but in the external organ. The senses of touch, and taste, and smell, require the contact of bodies or particles to rouse their nerves to action. Excessively minute particles impinging on the nerves of smell excite the sensation of odour, which bears a remarkable likeness to the sensation of taste. Have you not often said to yourself, if not to others, "how like the taste of this is to the smell of it?" If anything having a pungent taste be put into the mouth and the nostrils stopped, the sense of taste becomes numbed. It is curious to observe that the structure of the extremities of the nerves of these senses are identical. These five senses of their own nature represent objects as external, some more some less perfectly. No sense can necessarily lead us into error. In their own line and sphere they are faithful servants and truthful witnesses. If they, or any other faculty of our being, are the occasion of misleading us, it is because we do not use them in their proper field, for their own objects, as designed by nature, and with rational checks and precautions. If our faculties were essentially misleading, and not truthful, then, indeed, philosophy would be folly, and man the sport of a malignant demon.

I may remark here as another help to seeing the reasonableness of the position this essay purports to prove, that all these processes by which the senses act are performed by the living organism wholly independent of consciousness or reason. They are a necessary consequence of the animal being in presence of certain conditions. No animal takes cognizance of the curious ways by which sensation is excited. If these acts, evincing intelligence and design, are so done, why not all others of the same organism? It is different with man, who is self-conscious and free, of which there is not a particle of evidence with regard to brutes.

Besides the external senses, there is in the animal nature what is called the internal sense, the organ of which is the brain, or the brain and spinal marrow, which is but a continuation of the brain. This internal sense and its functions, along with the five external, make up all the cognitional powers of the brute creation. They are sufficient to explain all its wonderful and complex actions, without endowing it with the conscious, deliberative, and free spirit of man. It is a principle of science not to multiply causes unnecessarily. Without this internal sense the external senses would be of little use. If we had it not, seeing we should not see, and hearing we should not hear. The reason of this is because the action of each external sense is perfected in the organ, not in the brain, as many erroneously suppose.

That we and irrational animals possess an internal sense is easily shown. Shut your eyes, and think of any place you have ever been in. Immediately picture after picture arises within. This is the internal sense acting. We can also recall any other sensation. Every air we can hum is an instance. Tastes and smells and touches can also supply their doubles in this faculty. Dreams are principally owing to it, as we shall see more clearly further on. Any one who has watched dogs or cats will easily recognize in them the acts of this sense. The eye sees only, the ear hears only, the tongue and palate and nose taste and smell, but do not distinguish between one and the other. Nevertheless, let a dog hear his master's step or voice, and at once the internal sense causes the picture of the owner with caresses, biscuits, and walking, or rather running exercise, to spring up in the canine brain. Animals dream also, and their prowling about in the neighbourhood of ash-pits, kitchens, and elsewhere for food and prey, shows they have an internal faculty that urges them to go in quest of what is not immediately present by supplying them with internal pictures of the same. That this faculty is quite distinct from the external senses may be seen in two ways; first, it can act without the external sense, as in dreams, or in the case of a deaf man, like Beethoven, recalling melodies and harmonies; and secondly, the external senses can act without the cooperation of their superior. When the mind is intensely pre-occupied, and the internal sense is busily employed ministering to the wants of the spiritual intellect, we may walk through the street, lost, as it is said, in thought, without taking any notice of what is going on around.

Waves of ether from many objects must strike the eye, and this organ acting necessarily must see them; in like manner, hearing, smelling, touching, must be felt, but it is only the external sense that works in their regard. Looking for something before our eyes, or searching for an object we have tight in our hand, may be adduced as instances. Absent-mindedness gives a plentiful store of examples which a little reflection will recall. Again, when doing anything that we are perfectly familiar with, such as dressing, going up and down stairs, playing the piano and thinking contemporaneously of quite different matters, eyes, fingers, ears, and feet are working and feeling, while our thoughts and brains, or internal sense, are utterly unconscious of multitudes of consequent sensations. During "the pulse's maddening play" on the battle-field, in the chase, in rescue from fire or shipwreck, severe wounds may be received, the necessary concomitant of which is great suffering, and still the internal sense will not cooperate until loss of blood prevents further inadvertence.

This organic faculty it is which unites, correlates, and in a certain way distinguishes between the acts of the external senses. It forms the ultimate and highest principle in the brains of brutes. It is itself of course but a function of that form of force which makes each organism one living substance. Before considering its cognitional functions analytically, it will be useful to mention some more animal actions which are elicited by it or under its guidance. It enables us to balance ourselves, to know what amount of strength to put forth to lift, or hold, or throw a weight; stimulated by vague feelings arising from organic states, it causes children to have an intense craving for chalk and other earths useful for them in certain diseases, and fever patients to long for acid drinks. Thus, too, birds eat chalk, when about to lay, to form the shells, and gather sticks, moss, and feathers for their nests. The organism by the law of its nature acts by means of the nerves under proper excitement, and compels the animal to seek certain objects and to avoid others. Dogs and cats eat grass when unwell. A lamb which has never seen a wolf flees in terror at the sight of one. At cross-roads a dog which has lost scent will try round till he comes to that road of the four which the hare took. The wonderful ways and works of bees and ants and wasps which have been recounted are its effect principally.

We can now more satisfactorily investigate its cognitional

functions separately. These can be divided into two, each of which can be subdivided also into two. The two principal divisions are—first, the power of direct perception in union with the external senses, by means of which sights, sounds, tastes, smells, touches are fully perceived, correlated, combined, and distinguished; and secondly, the power of storing up and recalling such perceptions. Of course these faculties are more or less perfect according as the animal enjoys a more or less perfect organism, resulting from healthy or well-bred progenitors, and other accidental causes. The first subdivision of the directly perceptive power is the capability of simply perceiving sensible objects; the second involves a capacity for organically appraising, valuing, or estimating, which brutes evidently possess. The subdivisions of the storing power naturally follow, and need not be explicitly dealt with.

Now I maintain that brutes never have elicited, and never will elicit, a cognitional act which these sensitive and organic faculties are not competent to explain. But man's distinctive acts are such that none but a spiritual substance, essentially independent of all organs, could be the producer of them.

The first of these truths will be made more clear if we spend a little time in studying a mode of nerve action called by physiologists "reflex action." This term "reflex" no more exclusively belongs to this peculiar nerve-energizing than the term "animal" does to man. All nerve action arising from natural stimuli is reflex. However, physiologists, who believe sensation to be perfected exclusively in the brain, and who maintain that we perceive sensations and not objects, have given this name to a certain mode of nervous energy, and as this very singular power is commonly so called, we, who are not physiologists, had better use it till an improved psychological training for natural science professors begets a more philosophical terminology.

With the aid of examples, some of which each one can test for himself, I think we shall have no great difficulty in getting a perfectly clear notion of this much talked of "reflex action." If you take a looking-glass at night, and slowly turn down the gas, at the same time watching the image of your own eye, you will see the iris or coloured circle (so called from *iris*, a rainbow), contracting and thus making the pupil larger and larger, in order to admit more and more rays from the diminishing flame. Turn the gas on again, and the inverse process will be observed.

Hence we see, when the decreasing or increasing visual stimulus acts on the sensor nerve of the eye, the cerebral nerve-centre, or ganglionic terminus, re-acts, causing vision, but simultaneously from the same terminal cell or group of cells, a message to contract or relax is flashed along the motor nerve fibres superintending the muscles of the iris. This "reflex action" is wholly unperceived by the agent, unless he watches himself, as explained. Another very interesting example of the self-adjusting power of the eye due to reflex action is this. The lens of the eye, which is in form like a burning-glass, and is placed behind the iris (it is seen through the opening of the iris called the pupil) varies the shape of its front surface, becoming more or less convex, as the object seen is nearer or farther off. As you walk across a road to read a bill posted on the opposite side, the lenses of your eyes are gradually becoming more and more convex in front, owing to the unconscious relaxation of the constrictor muscles of the iris, all under the command of the nerves. Sneezing and coughing, and the sight of savoury food making "the mouth water," will supply occasions to an incipient observer of natural phenomena, wherein he can more and more understand this manner of vital energy. It will be of use to observe here that in the sympathetic system, which is subordinated to the cerebro-spinal, or at all events in great measure controlled by it, experiments have conclusively established that there is a most wonderful balancing of forces and mutual help, by which nerves for contracting are checked when necessary by nerves for expanding, and *vice versa*, and when one nerve is out of order, others do all in their power to help it to perform its functions, or to perform them for it. This balancing, helping, fraternal mode of action is, indeed, universal in the animal economy.

Although it be necessary for reflex action that a sensor nerve be stimulated, it is so far from being necessary that *any* sensation should accompany it, that in many cases its phenomena become more intensified in the absence of all sensation. For this it is required that the motor centres should be in the spinal cord, which is the case for all the motions of the lower extremities. If the spine be injured so that the lower limbs are paralyzed and without feeling, and if the sole of the foot be tickled, the leg will be drawn away, and become agitated more vigorously than if the sensation were actually felt. By the same unfelt nervous working insects and birds fly away when

their heads have been cut off, and babies and puppies without any brains have been observed to go through the process of sucking just as if they were possessed of the best balanced ones. "Pflüger wetted with acetic acid the thigh of a decapitated frog over its internal condyle; it wiped it off with the dorsal surface of the foot of the same side: he thereupon cut off the foot, and applied the acid to the same spot; the animal, as though it were deceived, as the man who has lost a limb at first is, by an eccentric sensation, would have wiped it off again with the foot of that side, but of course could not. After some fruitless efforts, therefore, it ceased to try in that way, seemed unquiet, 'as though it were searching for some new means,' and at last it either made use of the foot of the leg which was left, or it so bent the mutilated limb that it succeeded in wiping it against the side of its body."⁴

These examples will enable us to grasp intelligently and easily believe what I am contending for, namely, that all the wonderful acts of brutes are performed, essentially in the same way, by nervous action under stimuli internal or external, felt or unfelt. For remember, I have no notion of teaching that brutes are mere machines without true feelings. They possess all our lower nature, involving our internal and external senses, appetites, feelings of affection, fear, sensitive shame, gratitude, hope, vanity, and the rest, but without the conscious power that we have by which we can recognize these feelings as our own, think upon them, reason about them, perceive what they imply, use them for good or for evil, and transcend them as well as all things else under the conditions of space and time. Life for brutes is a mere meaningless succession of sights, smells, touches, tastes, pleasures, pains. They never distinguish really between what is internal and external. They cannot get at the substance underlying phenomena; they never can say "I," nor form the least real judgment by dividing the phenomenally one, *e.g.*, by saying or thinking "milk is white." None but a spirit could do so.

I repeat, all their acts are of the senses, of organic faculties, and fully accounted for by the working of organs, under the action of vital nerve power. When we can assign true causes, amply sufficient to account for all phenomena, and capable of standing any test that can be applied, it is wholly unphilosophical to go further, and postulate for brutes powers essentially

⁴ *Physiology and Pathology of Mind.* Maudsley, p. 72.

one with his who was constituted but "a little lower than the angels."

We will now more specially consider the higher human powers, which prove man to be a spiritual being, and therefore indestructible in his higher nature. Men, like minerals, possess certain chemical substances composing their bodies; like plants they have faculties of growth, nutrition, and reproduction, and like brutes they have external and internal senses with all therein involved; but they have besides an indefinitely higher mode of being, which, gathering up into itself all these lower powers, and vivifying them in its own marvellous way, uses them as the substratum or foundation of its illimitable action.

If you lay one hand across the other, two kinds of cognitional acts are elicited; you feel a sensation spread over so many square inches of the body, and you recognize that sensation as your own. In a state of ordinary health, and in our waking hours, we have each and every one a consciousness of our own existence, which is not feeling, though it is always brought into play by the presence of feeling of some kind. Every time we say "I" explicitly and mentally, we elicit an emphatic act of this mysterious nature. We can still more clearly see this spiritual power at work by closing our eyes, and saying to ourselves, "I now see that I am thinking of myself, conceiving myself, watching myself, embracing intellectually my own intellect, turning back upon myself; that I, the same 'ego,' am conceiving and conceived, thinking and thought upon, recognizing and recognized." This power of self-consciousness proves rigidly to whosoever will brood over it that the "ego" who possesses it is a spiritual substance, united as the vivifying principle to a material body, but in its own essence utterly distinct from that palpable frame dissolved by death. A spiritual substance has no parts. At the same time it must not be imagined that therefore its location is a mathematical point. It belongs to an order of beings unconditioned by the laws of the location of bodies. It exists, indeed, in space, but for the very reason that it has no parts it is not contained by space, but has the capability of penetrating space in many parts simultaneously, *totum in toto et totum in singulis partibus*. And since it has no parts it cannot be destroyed, for the destruction of a substance is brought about by the destruction of its elements. That it must be thus partless its acts prove. No material substance can turn back upon itself so that the

same point should touch itself. It is a contradiction to say it could. But the "ego" can do so, and as no entity can act in a manner essentially superior to its own nature, this "ego" is indiscerptible, and consequently indestructible and immortal. From all this it follows that as a spirit must be in space, though not contained by space, so also it must exist in time, though not bounded by time as to its substance, for that is eternal as regards the future.

Now brutes feel, but they do not know that they feel, nor do they think about what they feel. They never transcend sensations; life is a succession of phenomena for them. They take everything as it comes, and never ask what brought it or them into the world. They do not know the world as distinct from themselves. A cat feels if you pinch her tail, but she does not *know* that her tail which you pinch is distinct from the ground that you dig. Men know with absolute certainty that they are distinct from the phenomenal world in which they live, and that they are living mirrors of it, true, though not perfect.

We are now in a position to investigate a most useful and interesting question, quite falling in with the scope of this essay, namely, that which relates to the sufferings of brutes as contrasted with those of man. The sense of pain in a brute is inconceivably inferior to what it is in a conscious human being, in fact, the whole difference is one of kind and not of degree. The terrible sting of pain with regard to us is that it forces us to *think* of it. It absorbs, so to speak, our whole being. We brood upon the length of time we have suffered; we reach forward to the weary hours to come, the present moment is not all, but each moment as it comes is weighted with the wretched past and the indefinitely weary future, and so crushes us in conscious misery. Could we think earnestly of other things we should forget our pains, and at least as long as our thoughts were thus otherwise and intensely employed we should not be conscious of the pain really present; in many cases this distraction of mind completely cures even severe pain. Some time ago a friend of mine, who was suffering from toothache, came to see me. He told me he was going up to town the next day to get the tooth removed. Being of a speculative turn of mind, and the ache not being of that kind which makes a man dash his head against a wall, but of the dull, throbbing description, he asked me some questions regarding

Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate—
Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute.

I tried to give him every satisfaction in my power. He got interested, objected and questioned more and more eagerly, and after nearly an hour's discussion rose to go. I asked him how his toothache was. "Oh," said he, "I forgot all about it owing to our interesting conversation, and it is quite gone."

A brute cannot think of its sufferings, and weight the present by the past and future. No doubt the organic memory of the dog or cat supplies them with images and residual sensations of former sufferings, which cause the organism to go round certain corners with tail depressed, ready to flee on the slightest indication of cook or scullion with stick or stone, but this is not the intellectual self-conscious memory of man. Dr. Moffat, the learned President of the Queen's College, Galway, in an able speech to which I had the pleasure of listening, says: "Memory of the Past and anticipation of the Future can raise joy to ecstasy and deepen sorrow to despair. It is this thought which gives peculiar pathos to what has been called the saddest stanza in English poetry—that in which the great poet of Scotland contrasts his own lot with that of the little mouse whose nest he has upturned:

Still thou art blessed, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee ;
But, oh ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear !
And forward, though I canna see
I guess an' fear."

The howls and writhings of a brute are no proof that its sufferings approach at all those of a man. The nervous system independent of all consciousness could cause in man and beast the most piteous complaints and posturings. Patients under the influence of chloroform often cry and groan and lament the loss of their members, without having the slightest recollection afterwards of any pain. So that even in a human being these phenomena are no proof of conscious agony. Savages feel pain ever so much less keenly than civilized people. Still savages are thinking beings, while brutes are not. Mr. Mivart, the distinguished biologist and philosopher, says that no one who observes moths rushing again and again through the blazing candle can suppose that they really suffer. He tells us, that if a wasp be cut in two, while it is feeding on honey, it will

go on enjoying the dainty repast, without paying the least attention to the fact that the nectar is running out through its mutilated thorax as fast as it is going so delightfully in at the mouth. One conclusion I would draw from the nature of brute pain is, that while cruelty to them is to be reprobated, still at the present day a great deal of sympathy is wasted on them, and money which could do much to relieve human woes is lavished upon decrepit cats and pampered dogs.

Here for the present I must stop. In a succeeding paper I will go on contrasting human and brute powers of cognition, which will, I hope, make more and more clear the infinite difference between them.

W. S.

Teutonic English and its Debasers.

PART THE SECOND.

IN a former article on this subject I protested against the idea of reform in our language as projected by Teutonic enthusiasts. My argument was, that not only is the present state of things irremediable, but that it has many advantages of its own as compared with the old Saxon; while the special force and picturesqueness which are claimed for the words we have lost must, I urged, be attributed in great measure to their quaintness or to our own acquired tastes. If this view is correct, we have no grounds for a very severe censure of those to whom the decay of Teutonic English was due. What one generation lost was made good to its successor with more abundant, if less precious materials, and the *abstrahit invitum patrii sermonis egestas* is not a plea to which our modern writers can fairly lay claim. But although the majority of Englishmen are agreed that the history of our language as judged by its results is in general satisfactory, the case is far otherwise with the ardent admirers of Saxon pure and simple. "The wail which they raise for its corruption," I use Mr. Freeman's own phrase, has brought the question into prominence, and perhaps attracted for it some little interest. So I now pass on to consider the various theories as to the decay of Teutonic English, and amongst them one theory in particular, which it will be my object in this paper to disprove.

The old English at the time of the Anglo-Saxon supremacy seems to have possessed a vocabulary, counting all the dialects, of some 25,000 words, of which less than 150 were of Romance origin. The English language of the present day, according to the most reliable calculations, contains over 44,000 words, of which nearly 30,000 are either directly or indirectly derived from a Latin source, and less than 14,000 are Teutonic. Now although by far the greater portion of the Romance element is made up of scientific terms introduced into our speech since the

end of the fifteenth century, it still remains true that thousands of Latin and French words established themselves within three hundred years after the Conquest, and that fifty per cent. of our early Saxon passed out of use in the same period. This is the wonderful transformation which requires to be explained, and it is this problem which has of late met with a new solution at the hands of Mr. Kington Oliphant in his *Sources of Standard English*. Mr. Oliphant maintains that the introduction of Romance words was mainly and primarily due to the widespread influence of the Franciscan friars in England during the thirteenth century. "In the lifetime of Henry the Third," he writes, "far more harm was done to our speech than in the six hundred years that have followed his death,"¹ and then noticing that this period exactly coincides with that of the great work of the Minorites in England, he finally assures us, "that those who love a Teutonic diction should blame not Chaucer or Wicliffe, but the Franciscans of an earlier age."²

This hypothesis will probably strike the reader as being a little fanciful. The result is so gigantic, and the cause assigned apparently so disproportionate, that he may be tempted to consider the theory at first sight to be scarcely worthy of serious discussion. Nevertheless, it has found favour in other quarters. In the *Primer of English Literature* (one of Messrs. Macmillan's series), by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, we find under the heading "Literature and the Friars," the following statement: "The first friars were foreigners; and they necessarily used many French words in their English teaching, and Normans as well as English now began to write religious works in English."³ A similar remark is also made about "Friars' Latin" in the *Historical English Grammar* which Mr. Gostwick has published this year.

In order to state the theory fairly, it will be best to let Mr. Oliphant speak for himself. He says: "One-seventh of the Teutonic words used here in 1200 seems to have altogether dropped out of written composition by the year 1290. About this fact there can be no dispute. Now comes the question,

¹ *Standard English*, p. 226.

² *Ibid.* p. 241.

³ P. 22. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in a flattering review of Mr. Brooke's *Primer* in the *Nineteenth Century* for December last, quotes this sentence, but without commenting on the statement which it contains. This is noticeable, as Mr. Arnold is insisting throughout on the importance of advancing no views, in such a *Primer*, which are not fully established.

what was the cause of the havoc wrought in our store of good old English at this particular time?" After noticing the great fervour and prosperity of the early English Franciscans, their popularity abroad, and the readiness with which they "crowded over the sea and were to be met with in all sorts of unlikely places on the Continent," Mr. Oliphant continues:

"It was a many-sided brotherhood, being always in contact with the learned, with the wealthy, and with the needy alike. The English friar was equally at home in the school, in the bower, in the hovel. He could speak more than one tongue, thanks to the training bestowed upon him. We may imagine his every-day life: he spends his morning in drawing up a Latin letter to be sent to the General Minister at Oxford or Paris, and he writes much as Adam de Marisco did. The friar of this age has no need to fear the tongue of scandal; so in the afternoon he visits the lady of the castle whose dearest wish is that she may atone for the little weaknesses of life by laying her bones in the nearest Franciscan church, mean and lowly though it be in these early days. He tells her the last news of Queen Eleanor's Court, points a moral with one of the new lays of Marie, and lifts up his voice against the sad freaks played by fashion in ladies' dress. Their talk is of course in French; but the friar, having studied in Paris, remarks to himself that his fair friend's speech sounds somewhat provincial; and more than a hundred years later we are to hear of the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe. In the evening he goes to the neighbouring hamlet, and holds forth on the green to a throng of horny-handed churls, stalwart swinkers and toilers, men who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows. They greedily listen when addressed in the uncouth English of their shire, English barely understood fifty miles off. Such burning words they never hear from their parish priest, one of the old school. The friar's sermon is full of proverbs, tales, and historical examples, all tending to the improvement of morals.

"A new link, as we see, was thus forged to bind all classes together in godly fellowship; nothing like this Franciscan movement had been known in our island for six hundred years. The old was being replaced by the new; a preacher would suit his tales to his listeners; they cared not to hear about hinds or husbandmen, but about their betters. He would, therefore, talk about ladies, knights, or statesmen, and when discoursing about these, he must have been almost driven to interlard his English

with a few French words, such as were constantly employed by his friends of the higher class. . . . As years went on, and as men more and more aped their betters, the French words would drive out the old English words. . . . So mighty was the spell at work, that in the fourteenth century French words found their way even into the Lord's Prayer and the Belief; the last stronghold, it might be thought, of pure English."⁴

This lasted till the beginning of the fourteenth century, when Mr. Oliphant says: "The Franciscans had by this time done their work in England, though they were to drag on a sluggish life in our shires for two hundred years longer. Curious it is that the time of their fiery activity coincides exactly with the time of England's greatest loss in a philologist's eyes."⁵

I must apologize for the length of these extracts, but I was unwilling to weaken the force of the argument by curtailing them. This clever description has certainly a great air of probability. The tone of moderation and respect, which is a contrast to Mr. Oliphant's usual bitterness in speaking of everything connected with the Catholic Church, here prepossesses the reader in his favour. But even if we grant that what is said of the action of the friars is substantially correct, I still venture to think that he enormously exaggerates its bearing on the formation of English speech. I shall proceed, therefore, to state some of the objections to this theory which suggest themselves *in limine*.

In the first place, Mr. Oliphant's explanation requires us to believe that the change in the language was very sudden. Such is not the view of our best authorities.⁶ One hundred French words had confessedly been introduced before the year 1200; that eight hundred more should have been added in the next century is not surprising now that the movement had once begun.

Secondly, there is a work called the *Ancren Riwe* preserved to us in four different transcripts (an indication of its great popularity), which, as Mr. Oliphant himself admits, "swarms

⁴ *Standard English*, pp. 226—230.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 249.

⁶ See for instance Marsh, *Lectures*, xviii. § 9; Earle, *Philology of the English Tongue*, p. 67. Mr. Earle finds, indeed, that the first appearance of our literary language was sudden; but this event, as he explains, did not take place till the middle of the next century in the time of Chaucer.

with French words,"⁷ and has also "influenced our standard English more than anything else written outside the *Danelagh*."⁸ Now this book, we learn from him, must have been written in the year 1220, or thereabouts, that is to say, *four years before the first Franciscan friar set foot in England*.

Again, Mr. Oliphant's theory cannot claim credit for explaining a supposed difficulty in the simultaneous introduction of Romance words in all parts of England at once. This may be accounted for by the ubiquity of the Franciscans, but it is no real difficulty under any supposition. Mr. Thorold Rogers has taught us how mistaken are the popular notions of the difficulty of communication in England in the Middle Ages. There is no need to reproduce his arguments here, but it is confirmed by what has just been noticed of the *Ancren Riwele* and other favourite works. Within half a century of their first appearance we find transcripts of them in two or three different dialects spoken in opposite corners of the kingdom, showing clearly that the circle of their influence was by no means narrowly restricted. Thus we have *Piers Plowman* in three distinct forms, and Hampole's *Pricke of Conscience* in as many as half a dozen. Another, and perhaps a still more striking illustration of the same fact may be found in the introduction of the consonant *sh* (as in *shall* for the older *scal*) into our language. This French sibilant, which was unknown to the Saxons, made its appearance in the South, and is to be met with occasionally in southern works written after the year 1150. By the time of Orrmin, however, that is, before 1203, the sound had become common in all the dialects of England, and it had taken the place of the non-aspirate *s* or *sc* in many of the words which are most frequently in our mouths. It is not rash to conclude that the same process might have been gone through on a larger scale in the case of French phrases instead of French sounds without any extraordinary intervention of Franciscan influence.

However, this argument is only negative. A much more important objection to the theory is to be found in the fact that Mr. Oliphant can bring no evidence whatever to support it from the literature of the period. The one Franciscan who comes

⁷ *Standard English*, p. 221. Moreover, the *Ancren Riwele* is not, as was at one time believed, a translation from the Latin. See *Ancren Riwele* (Camden Society), Preface, p. viii. Thus the author had no reason whatever but his own free choice for the introduction of such words as *cogitaciun*, *crucifix*, *vestmenz*, *tentaciun*, and even for the word *dettes* in the Our Father, instead of the old *miseddis*, or *yeddings*.

⁸ *Standard English*, p. 118.

before us in his pages as a writer of English is Thomas de Hales, described as the author of the "best poem of two hundred lines produced in English before the time of Chaucer."⁹ Strange to say, the piece contains "hardly any French words but the names of a string of jewels." Beyond this, Mr. Oliphant tells us nothing of what part the friars took in our early literature, for as a matter of fact, their devotion to the work of the ministry and to profounder studies seems to have left them no time for composition in their native language. We shall not be disposed to believe that the metrical romances still preserved to us, whose authors and translators are for the most part unknown, were written by the friars, especially during these years of their greatest fervour,¹⁰ while even the works of piety, homilies, and Gospel paraphrases belonging to this period, are all due, as far as we know, to the greater leisure of the monks and secular clergy. This at least is certain, that the Franciscans are not known to have been the authors of the great monuments of our literature in which the inroad of French words is most conspicuous. The *Ancren Riwele*, as I have already noticed, was written prior to their arrival. The great *Handlyng Synne*, which for the number of foreign words which it contains might have been produced in the present century, was the work of Robert Manning of Brunne, a religious of the Ghilbertine order. Robert of Gloucester, the author of the well-known chronicle in verse, and of English saints' lives, was a monk in the abbey of his native town. And lastly the *Story of Alexander*, a metrical romance which also "swarms with French words," is either the work of Adam Davie, Marshal of Stratford-le-Bow, as Warton says, or else of some author unknown. In fact, of the many metrical romances which have been preserved to us, and which mostly belong to this period, there is only one of which we have any evidence to show that it was written by a Franciscan. This is the *History of Guy of Warwick*, attributed by Warton, on Carew's authority, to Friar Walter of

⁹ *Standard English*, p. 230.

¹⁰ Mr. Oliphant argues that the Franciscans began "to forsake their first love" after the year 1300, because they were attacked at this time in English rhymes, and built a noble church and convent in London. On this point of the observance of poverty, even in later years, Professor Brewer is a valuable witness. He says: "That poverty, rigid poverty, continued to be the rule rather than the exception with the Minorite Friars is clear from the inventories of their houses taken at the dissolution by the Royal Commissioners" (Introduction, p. xx.). He then quotes instances from the Chapter House Books.

Exeter;¹¹ but the piece is by no means remarkable for its foreign tendencies, and, moreover, its authorship is much disputed. It is evident, therefore, from what has been said, that Mr. Oliphant fails to establish, or rather does not attempt to offer a direct proof of his theory. Whatever be its value, it cannot claim to be supported by anything more than an *a priori* probability, and I hope to show more fully later on, that it is not only purely conjectural, but gratuitous.

There is another point in the argument in which direct and conclusive evidence is equally wanting. "The first friars were foreigners," says Mr. Stopford Brooke in a sentence already quoted, "and they necessarily used many French words in their English teaching." This statement is, to say the least, exceedingly misleading. For in the first place, supposing for a moment that the foreign element predominated among the friars, were there not two, not to say three languages established in England at the time? Not only was French the tongue of all men of birth and education, and of a large proportion of the clergy, but Latin or French was so generally spoken in the larger monasteries, that Professor Stubbs speaks gravely of Englishmen retiring within their cloisters and entirely forgetting their native speech.¹² Thus if the Franciscans introduced foreign words unknown before, we can only suppose that it was among those who were removed from intercourse with the French-speaking classes, the villains of out-of-the-way districts. However, of this I shall speak later; but now, is it strictly true that the first friars *were* foreigners? On turning to the narrative of Thomas of Eccleston, printed in *Monumenta Franciscana*,¹³ we find that the first settlement of the Minorites in England consisted of a community of nine, only four of whom were in Holy Orders. Of the four in Holy Orders three were Englishmen, and the fourth, the Superior of the little band, was an Italian who had been chosen by St. Francis, on account of his great sanctity, to imbue the new mission with the true spirit of the order. What is perhaps even more significant, is that three of the five *fratres laici* were allowed to return to their own provinces as soon as the English missions had been established on a secure basis. Again, neither Thomas de Eccleston nor Adam de Marisco mentions any other band of friars sent over

¹¹ Warton, *History of English Poetry*, vol. i. p. 87.

¹² Benedict (Rolls Series) Introduction, p. 16.

¹³ Pp. 5, 493.

as a support and reinforcement for the new foundations, which in fact were too flourishing to require them. Lastly, although the second Provincial Minister was expressly despatched by the General from the Continent to take charge of the English mission, still from his time forward (and he died in 1238) all the Provincials were, without exception, Englishmen. The practice which prevailed at this period amongst priests and religious of subjoining their birthplace to their Christian name makes it easy to decide their nationality; and one cannot fail to be struck, in turning over the pages of *Monumenta Franciscana*, with the unmistakeably English character of nearly every name that occurs; Robertus de Thornham, Andreas de Lexinton, Johannes de Stamford, Thomas de Eboraco, &c., meet the eye everywhere.

It seemed worth while to enter into these details, because rash general statements cannot be answered in any other way. To say that many romance words were introduced into English because the first friars were foreigners, seems reasonable enough. But no one will maintain that a great transformation was effected in the English language by nine religious, of whom three were Englishmen, and four more had died or left the country within ten years of their arrival. Nevertheless this second assertion is no more than the fair interpretation of the first. With regard also to the intercourse of English Franciscans with the Continent, when we consider their numbers, probably amounting to more than a thousand in the time of Adam de Marisco, the notices we have in his letters of the comings and goings of the friars appear to be exceedingly scanty.¹⁴ Some of the brethren left England to spend their lives on distant missions; some to be professors of theology in foreign universities; some seem to have made their studies abroad; but the vast majority never quitted their native land to the day of their death, and we have no evidence to show that they were better acquainted with French than the monks and secular priests. In fact, the foreign connections of the friars cannot be urged as an argument at all except by one who overlooks the pre-eminence which Latin and French had already acquired. If a friar was familiar with French, it was not because he had travelled abroad, but he owed the knowledge in most cases to

¹⁴ See Letters 170, 175, 197, 205, 213, 214. These allusions seem to show that the intercourse of the friars with the Continent at that date was as constant as that of the English clergy at present with the Holy See.

his birth or previous education in England; if he studied at a foreign university, it was not French, but Latin, which he uniformly spoke and wrote. The question, then, of the prevalence of French in this country at the beginning of the thirteenth century is of importance in the present connection, and requires a few words of explanation.

It is commonly and, I think, rightly believed that from the Conqueror until Edward the Third, French was the language spoken and understood in England by all men of good birth and education. We have very explicit testimony on this head in the contemporary chroniclers Higden, Holcot, Robert of Gloucester, the false Ingulf, and others; we know that children at school were taught in French; we find scraps of French in the mouths even of the lower orders, as, for instance, among the dykers and delvers of Piers Plowman; we are told that Richard the First, and perhaps even Henry the Second, St. Hugh of Lincoln, William of Longchamp, and other noted personages could not understand English. There are many indications also in the literature of the period which support the same view. Simple village priests like Layamon translated French verses, Englishmen born wrote poems in French, the old British legends became the regular theme of Norman minstrels, and we have many curious jumbles in French and English, or Latin, French and English, preserved to us of this period.¹⁵

All this points naturally to the conclusion that England in the thirteenth century could not really be said "to holden to hor owe speche." At the same time a less decided view is not unfrequently held. "Before the reign of Henry the Third," writes Sir Francis Palgrave, for instance, "we cannot discover a deed or law drawn or composed in French," and he concludes from this that "the popular notion of the great predominance of that tongue cannot be easily supported."¹⁶ Of course Sir Francis Palgrave's statement of fact is substantially correct, but it can hardly support the conclusion which he bases upon it. That French was not used for legal documents during a considerable period, will not seem strange when we remember the

¹⁵ The following is a specimen :

Mayden moder milde, oyez cel oreysoun.
From shome thou me shilde, e de ly mal feloun;
For love of thine childe, me menez de tresoun
Ich wes wod and wilde, ore su en prisoun, &c.
(*Wod*, mad, unrestrained; *su*, suis).

¹⁶ *English Commonwealth*, vol. i. p. 56.

precedent of the Conqueror's reign, who had no desire to exterminate English, and also the pre-eminence and convenience to both races of the Latin tongue. If documents were not drawn up in French, neither were they, save with rare exceptions, drawn up in English; Latin served all purposes alike, until French had ceased to be regarded with jealousy as the tongue of the Conqueror. We are therefore left to the positive testimony of the various sources indicated above, and from these Mr. Freeman and Professor Stubbs, our most reliable authorities, conclude that the popular notion of the predominance of French does not probably go beyond the truth. What it is important to my present purpose to notice is, that if French was universally understood and spoken by the educated classes, we cannot regard the presence of a handful of men who were altogether foreigners as a very important additional element among the Romanizing influences then at work upon the language.

Nothing could be further from the purpose of this article than to dispute either the extraordinary influence of the Franciscans in the thirteenth century, or the greatness of the work which they used to accomplish. The first years after their foundation saw one of the most remarkable religious movements among the masses throughout the whole of Europe which the world has ever witnessed. When St. Francis assembled the First General Chapter of the Order in the fields around the Portiuncula, more than five thousand friars were present there who had taken the habit in those first ten years, while the spectacle of their sanctity is described as far more wonderful than that of their numbers. In England there was the same or even greater enthusiasm. Brother Agnellus first landed at Dover with his little band in 1224, but in 1256 the numbers of the Grey Friars in this country alone amounted to 1,242, and they counted forty-nine convents in all parts of the kingdom. Further, they had spread into Scotland and Ireland; they were teaching theology with a world-wide renown at the University of Oxford; they had given an impulse to the study of philosophy and natural science which England had never known before, and the English brethren of the order were in request as professors and missionaries in all parts of the Continent. "From whatever point of view the history of the friars is regarded," says the Editor of *Monumenta Franciscana*, "whether in the poetical form of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, or the romantic, as of Raymond Lully, or of the great methodizer, as Thomas

Aquinas, or of the founder of experimental philosophy, as Roger Bacon; whether as training the popular mind to science, or elevating it by the representation of those mystery plays out of which the modern drama sprang, whether as that of the popular preacher wielding vast assemblages of men, or captivating their fancies by the lighter forms of fiction, story, apologue, or anecdote, that history is alike remarkable. It deserves the most careful study, not only for its own sake as illustrating the development of the intellect of Europe previous to the Reformation, but as the link which connects modern with mediæval times. It is the maturest development of the mind of the latter, the preparation and forerunner of the former."¹⁷

It will be understood, therefore, that I do not consider the Franciscan hypothesis to fail from the insufficiency of the cause which it assigns. A body of over a thousand men, possessing the confidence of all classes alike, and acting with perfect unanimity and entire self-devotion, might have effected any object in this world which they set themselves to accomplish. But of course no one attributes to them any intentional attempt to modify the language. If the example of these English friars, for Englishmen I must insist on calling them, produced any change in the speech of the people, it must have been, as Mr. Oliphant partly explains, the accidental result of their devotion to the lower orders. The Franciscans formed the link of communication between these and the more elevated classes; they first afforded the opportunity to the poor man of coming into immediate contact with those who were better informed. The result may very probably have been that the country folk picked up many Romance words from their new instructors, perhaps even that they lost some of the old Saxon in consequence. But this is all; we can draw no further inference. The true and the simple answer to all Mr. Oliphant's theorizing is, I believe, to be found in the assertion that no change such as he describes in the speech of the vulgar can have exerted any influence upon our standard English of the present day. This position might have been taken up before, and would have precluded any such investigation as I have hitherto attempted, but it seemed well to show in the first

¹⁷ *Monumenta Franciscana*. Edited for the Master of the Rolls by the Rev. J. S. Brewer, M.A. Introduction, pp. 58, 59. Mr. Brewer of course is speaking here of Dominicans as well as Franciscans, but, as he remarks elsewhere, "considering the many English Franciscans of note, we are proportionably scanty in the names of Dominicans."

place how slenderly Mr. Oliphant's theory is supported by facts. It now remains to submit the assertion last made to the consideration of the reader.

It is quite clear, I think, that, with regard to modern times, the standard literary language is not noticeably affected by the speech of our lower orders. The Queen's English would not suffer in any way if every labourer or artisan in the country uniformly discarded the letter *h*; nor, again, do we find in our own or foreign tongues that the vocabulary, pronunciation, and idioms of the great mass of the people are in accordance with the standard of the educated. The same principle is equally true of the thirteenth century, even though no literary language was then established to serve as a criterion for correct speech. We may readily grant that within the circle of any particular dialect there was nothing which would be recognized as "better English." The villain would not have been thought to speak less correctly than his lord. Nevertheless, it is not too much to say that the speech of the vulgar can have exercised no influence at all upon our standard English. In the Middle Ages, much as at present, there was an educated class and an uneducated class, even when the vulgar tongue was spoken alike by all. So also there were social distinctions not quite coincident with those of education, and probably regarded from a more Christian point of view, but none the less recognized and observed in some respects more rigidly than they are in our day. Now the peasantry, though growing ever greater in political action, were and are in matters of erudition simply *nil*. They were not merely passive; they were not a dead weight which required a certain expenditure of power to overcome its *vis inertie* before any motion could result; but they were like stagnant pools by the side of running water, which might or might not be drawn down by the current, but which had no power to stop the flow of the stream. If any change was to be effected in the English language the whole initiative lay with the more educated, and although it might and probably would extend to the lower orders in course of time, the change took place none the less if it was never adopted by them at all. When the men of influence who gave a tone to those around them, when those who wrote the books which were most generally popular, when the schoolmasters who taught the children of the rich, began everywhere to mingle foreign words with their Saxon speech, then the decay of Teutonic English was inevitable. Our modern language would

probably not have been in any way different from what it is, if the dialects of the whole country had been as little influenced by foreign corruption as that of the Scotch Lowlands.

If, therefore, we have reason to believe that the schoolmaster, the landowner, and the author in England of the thirteenth century were familiar with the French language, quite independently of any Franciscan influence, and if, moreover, we can show definite reason for the change at the particular time when it actually occurred, then Mr. Oliphant's theory can only be regarded as a somewhat improbable explanation of a fact already abundantly accounted for. That French and Latin were familiar to all men of any education can be readily proved, as I have indicated above. The special movement which was coincident with the great change in our language will be noticed immediately.

If therefore we cannot consider that Mr. Oliphant has thrown any light upon the decay of our language, what other explanation is to be given of the problem, if problem it must be called? To this question I shall devote the remainder of my space. Between the eleventh and the fifteenth centuries a great change took place in the vocabulary of our language. This no one will dispute; but our authorities are not agreed as to the cause and history of the transformation. More than a century ago when the historical study of our language was in its infancy, Dr. Johnson refused to regard the Norman supremacy as a sufficient explanation, because, as he declared, the change in our speech did not take place for two centuries after the Conquest. The admixture of new words was therefore somewhat vaguely referred by him to "commerce with the Continent." The view of a great modern scholar, Dr. Guest, is not very dissimilar. "The language of our earlier literature," he says, "fell at last a victim, not to the Norman Conquest, for it survived that event at least a century—not to the foreign jargon which the weak but well-meaning Edward first brought into the country, for French did not *mix* with our language till the days of Chaucer—it fell before the same deep and mighty influences which swept every living language from the literature of Europe."¹⁸ This he further explains to be the ascendancy of Rome, and the continual use of Latin which her influence maintained in Western Christendom. Besides these there have been various wild theories assigning to Chaucer, or again to

¹⁸ *A History of English Rhythms*, vol. ii. p. 107.

the translators of the metrical romances, the sole discredit of the change. Last of all there remains the one straightforward and intelligible account that the decay of Teutonic English is wholly and entirely due to the Norman supremacy. Such an amalgamation due to conquest far from being an arbitrary explanation may almost claim for itself the authority of an universal law of language. In the case of the tongue now spoken by the higher orders in Turkey we have a still more wonderful combination of different elements. Here there is an amalgamation not of two languages but of three, not of the kindred descendants of a common ancestor, but of representatives of distinct families of speech, all supplying their quota of words to the general vocabulary. Of course in this as in all similar cases, we do not find a mixed language resulting of indeterminate species. Just as English now with all its foreign corruption is none the less strictly a Teutonic dialect, so modern Turkish still remains in its essential features as much Turanian as it ever was. Nevertheless, as Professor Max Müller informs us, "the Persian and Arabic words, which have been introduced by successive conquests, have so overgrown the language, that a common clod from the country understands but little of the so-called Osmanli.¹⁹ So again in French. Although it is only of late years that M. Brachet has brought the fact into prominence, all philologists now recognize that the speech of the Romanized Gauls received very large contributions from that of their Frankish conquerors. The Teutonic words found in the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* are many times more numerous than all the non-Latin words of any other kind. That the admixture was not nearly so great as that of French in our own language in the similar case of the Norman supremacy, may seem at first sight to present a difficulty to the Conquest theory; but a moment's consideration will remove it. The relation between Frank and Gaul in point of language was not the same as that between Norman and Saxon; still less were Teutonic and French similarly situated with regard to Latin, the common language of Western Europe. Remembering this, the difference in result may be easily accounted for. "French in England," says Mr. Freeman, "was not only the speech of conquest, it was also the speech of fashion and of some kinds of literature; the Teutonic speech in Gaul was

¹⁹ *Lectures on the Science of Language*, vol. i. p. 72.

the speech of conquest only."²⁰ Thus French in England maintained its footing in spite of, nay, we may say in consequence of the welding together of Saxon and Norman; the rude Teutonic was forgotten in Gaul so soon as the conquerors had become familiar with the language of the conquered. Then beyond this there was the Latin, the language of authority, of science, and of literature, which in both cases was enthroned supreme over all; but while Latin has been the ally and support of the romance element in English even down to our own day, it was always in direct antagonism to the invaders in France. Thus if once we grant to conquest and settlement the inherent power of influencing the language, we have an ample explanation why English possesses thousands of foreign words where French has retained only hundreds.

There is a second objection to the Conquest theory which Johnson and others have thought insuperable. It is that the new English did not establish itself as a literary dialect for three whole centuries after the event which is supposed to have given it birth. On this point the investigations of Professor Stubbs and Mr. Freeman have lately thrown much light, and removed the difficulty previously felt. I will try to state their conclusions briefly here.

William the Conqueror had no wish to uproot the native speech of the English. On this point the statement of the forged chronicle of Ingulf is utterly false. But while William himself learned English and did his best to preserve it, it was inevitable that his Norman followers should make French the language of the Court and the upper circles of society. Hence ensued the negative result that Latin now became more than before the great public and official language throughout the kingdom. Chronicles were written in Latin, letters, charters, laws were all in Latin, Latin was of course the language of the Church, and Walter Map and others used Latin even for satire and lighter poems. Until the time of Stephen Langton, as has been noticed before, we have not a single public document drawn up in French, and English writs, not unfrequent under the Conqueror, soon became almost as rare. Behind this external veil of Latin, it is rather difficult to arrive at the truth as regards the speech of men in private life. In contrast to the fusion which followed we may term the age from the Conqueror

²⁰ *The Norman Conquest*, vol. v. p. 554.

to Henry the Second as the age of struggle. Not a struggle of course in which each combatant refuses to have any intercourse with his rival, but a struggle in this sense, that the distinctions both of race and of language were still felt and insisted on. At one time English seemed very likely to prevail. "There is distinct evidence," says Mr. Freeman, "that in the days of Henry the Second men of high rank and noble birth could freely speak and understand English. One step more and it might have become the literary speech in the first half of the thirteenth century instead of in the second half of the fourteenth."²¹ It was an unfortunate accident which prevented this happy consummation. After Henry the Second came Richard, a man who cared nothing for England and who systematically made himself a stranger to her. Under his reign therefore and in that of John and Henry the Third there came a reaction now "distinctly French and not Norman," which thrust back the advancing English and re-established its rival as the language of fashion. Thus the fusion was delayed, but went on nevertheless in secret. And now we have to notice a most curious phenomenon in the literary history of this period. After long remaining in abeyance as an official language, in the reign of Henry the Third and his successors, French suddenly bursts forth in full vigour, claims for itself the first place in public importance, and this too at the very time that our literary language was forming, and we seemed to be approaching the term of its degradation. What cause can be assigned for the apparent contradiction? The latter part of the thirteenth century witnessed, as is well known, a great movement in the nation against foreign influences. The provisions of Oxford were levelled directly at the King's French favourites, and shortly after we have that great monument in the history of our language, the first royal proclamation drawn up in English. This new growth of the national spirit and the sudden prominence of French seem at first sight contradictory, but on a closer inspection both are found to bear witness to the same fact, the fusion of the Normans and Saxons in England into one united people. Before this time French was a token of slavery, it was an insult to the conquered, but now it had ceased to be so regarded, and it was a mere matter of convenience to use for legal documents the language of literature and the language of the Court. All through the thirteenth century the native tongue

²¹ *Norman Conquest*, vol. v. pp. 889, 892.

became more and more popular among men of education, and it has left us unmistakeable traces of its progress in the ever-increasing stores of our native manuscripts. "The English gentleman of the fourteenth century," says Mr. Freeman, "—his Norman or old English descent is now quite forgotten—spoke English naturally, but he was taught French from his childhood, because to speak French was the polite and fashionable thing. When it came to this, the victory of English was certain."²² We may consider that the transformation was effected when English in 1363 was made the language of the law courts, when boys construed and learnt in English in all the grammar schools, and when Chaucer began to write his first poems under Court patronage.

Space forbids me to enter here upon the question as to the earliest written monument of the new English. Our greatest authorities such as Dr. Morris, Mr. Earle, and Dr. Guest are agreed in pointing to Chaucer as the first to give to our language the precise form which it still retains. Mr. Oliphant, on the other hand, claims the honour for Robert of Brunne, who wrote sixty years earlier, and though at issue with the philologists just mentioned, has a good show of arguments in support of his opinion. Briefly it may be said that *a priori* considerations would incline us to recognize Chaucer as the patriarch of modern English, while the evidence of facts seems to lie rather with Robert of Brunne. Standard English, as Mr. Earle reminds us, is the "Queen's English," and requires to have been *edited* by royalty or by some universally recognized authority. On the other hand, the English of Robert of Brunne in its inflexions, its percentage of French words, and its idiomatic phrases apparently comes as near to modern English as the language of Chaucer does. However we must leave this disputed point; satisfied in this respect at least, that an ample account can be given of the transformation of our language without having recourse to Franciscan influences.

I have endeavoured at such length to prove Mr. Oliphant's views on the decay of Teutonic English to be without foundation, because they seemed to me to show signs of having been shaped to some extent by religious prejudice. The new theory seems only to be another count in that libellous indictment which charges the Church with being ever in conflict with the spirit of patriotism, and which can find nothing but evil in the

²² *Norman Conquest*, vol. v. p. 536.

influence which she possesses. Perhaps I am doing Mr. Oliphant an injustice in charging him with bias, but it seems to me that many little indications of religious prejudice may be found intruding in his pages, where we should not expect to find them. I will quote just one passage which appears particularly to justify the imputation I have made. "Many Orders of the Roman Church," writes Mr. Oliphant, "have brought their influence to bear upon our speech. In the seventh century, the Benedictines gave us our first batch of Latin ware, the technical words employed by Western Christianity. In the thirteenth century the Franciscans, as I think, wrought great havoc among our old words, and brought into vogue hundreds of French terms. In the sixteenth century the Jesuits and their friends strove hard to set up a religious machinery of their own amongst us; happy was it for England that she turned away from their merchandise, so hated of old Fulke. These luckless followers of the Pope, as time wore on, found their English style as much disliked as their politics or their creed; glad were they in the days of James the Second, when so great a master as Dryden came to their help in controversy. Such evil words as *probabilism* and *infallibilist* were never to become common in English mouths."²³

Surely Mr. Oliphant has chosen an unfortunate period for such a complaint. At the time of which he is here speaking, the most eloquent of Anglican divines, Jeremy Taylor, was enriching the language with such words as *immorigerous*, *incuriousness*, *defailance*, *inculpability*, while the pedantry and periods of Milton and Sir Thomas Browne were regarded as very models of elegant composition. If, in our turn, we sought to find among the debasers of our language the individual ecclesiastic who had done most to corrupt our pure Saxon, might we not point without improbability to the precursor

²³ *Standard English*, pp. 304, 305. It is curious to remark that Swift, in No. 230 of the *Tadler*, favourably contrasts the style of Father Parsons, one of the best known of the early Jesuit writers, with that of Osborne, Sir Henry Wotton, and the historian Daniel, who were generally praised for their elegance. Another work of the class of which Mr. Oliphant is speaking, *Temporal and Eternal*, a translation from the Spanish of Father Nieremberg, S.J., was by an ingenious literary fraud reprinted with slight alterations as a posthumous work of Jeremy Taylor. It was entitled *Contemplations of the State of Man*, and may still be found under that name in the older editions of Taylor's works. The style was noticed to be somewhat less polished than his usual manner, but it was not deemed unworthy of the great master, and the imposture was not suspected till accident led to its discovery about the year 1830.

of the reformation, John Wickliffe, or to the bitter enemy of the friars, the author of *Piers Plowman*?²⁴ A theory which assigned the permanent establishment of French words in our language to the writings of the Lollards would probably be as near the truth as Mr. Oliphant's views about the Franciscan preaching; but both theories alike should warn us of the necessity of setting religious prejudice aside in the domain of philology and history.

H. T.

²⁴ Here are some specimens of Wickliffe's fondness for romance words taken from his gospels, which, as is well known, he translated with an extravagant fidelity from the Vulgate. In the parable of the Vineyard let out to husbandmen (St. Luke xx. 11) we have: "And he addide to sende another servaunt, forsothe also thei betinge this and ponsynghe with dispisingis lesten voyde." Again, before the miraculous draught of fishes, St. Peter says: "Commaundor we travelinge by al the nygt token no thing." In another instance, which I copy from Mr. Oliphant, Wickliffe writes: "Jhesu convertid [turned round] and seyng [saw] hem suwyng [sueing sequentes] him." Wickliffe also constantly has *revome* for *regnum*, *cumpny* for *populus*, *sue* as above for *sequor*, *pertheyne* for *pertinet*, &c. His original works in their use of foreign words often read like an anticipation of the controversial style of the seventeenth century. As to William Langland, the author of *Piers Plowman*, the dictum of Mr. G. P. Marsh may suffice, who declares that he is even less Saxon than his contemporary Chaucer.

of the expedition, John Widdall, as to the latter enemy of the East, the author of *War & Peace*. A theory which assigned the permanent establishment of French hands in our language to the victory of the Indians would probably be as new the truth as the English's claim about the Frenchman's. But both theories alike should warn us of the necessity of action in the domain of philosophy and strategy.

Russia and India.

THERE has for several years existed in this country the somewhat prevalent idea that a Russian invasion of India is far from improbable, and that such an event would be so disastrous to our rule and possessions in that vast Empire, that it is only some special providence, or some unaccountable forbearance on the part of the Government of Russia which at present averts so serious a calamity. We cannot wonder that Russia should wish to favour such an opinion, or hold this idea in terror over us as a threat, whether she ever seriously thought of such a step or not. There is a certain class of minds which at once accepts the probability of anything really happening that is either represented to them or suddenly strikes them as something very alarming. Persons of this character are quite willing to believe that Russia could easily under any circumstances and with an overwhelming force cross the northern frontiers of British India, push forward into Cabool, and successfully invite the rising of a number of disaffected princes and hostile races against England. A French and impartial authority, M. Léon Cahun, availing himself of the military statements of a Russian and of a Prussian officer, M. Weninkoff and M. Stumm, has shown by a variety of facts and arguments that although, no doubt, Russia could in certain contingencies considerably disturb the tranquillity of English rule in India, yet the difficulties to be surmounted in bringing even a moderate force to bear with any effect on the capabilities of England for self-defence are at present too great to render an invasion at all likely, or to promise it anything but signal defeat if it were made.

The first point in this investigation illustrates the difference between the numbers of an army as described on paper and as placed efficiently in the field, and between the availableness of any force on the spot where it stands as contrasted with its usefulness at a great distance after fatiguing and perilous

marches. The Russian army in Asia is distributed into four groups, that of the Caucasus, of Orenbourg, of Turkestan, of Fergana. These alone could be considered in any degree available for military movements against India; the troops in Siberia, about the river Amour, in Kamtchatka, and Aliaska, &c., being too far removed and difficult of transfer to be taken into account, even if their presence was not absolutely necessary where they are. The army of the Caucasus numbered in the late campaign 196,331 men, comprising 155,399 regular troops and 40,932 irregular. Its artillery counted 344 cannon. In Turkestan the army was 26,160 strong in all, of which 23,900 were regulars and 1,800 irregulars, having with them 64 cannon. The district of Orenbourg had on a war footing a body of 40,469 men, 8,265 being regular troops and 32,204 irregulars and militia. It could boast of only 16 guns. To these figures must be added 1,750 marines, 1,290 of these were on the Caspian, 460 on the Aral Sea. Exclusive of soldiers at Khiva and at Fergana, the grand total is 264,250 armed men and 424 cannons. Two territories correspond to the station of Fergana, and in the Khiva expedition were employed 13,200, including 4,000 belonging to the commissariat, and 2,200 under General Markozof: at Fergana the effective force represented 4,520 men and 20 guns. But in both cases these troops were borrowed from the armies of the Caucasus, of Orenbourg, and of Turkestan, and must be put down at a very moderate figure according to the proportion likely to have been sent back to their former positions. It is a great exaggeration then of real facts to give Russia credit on paper for an army of 281,970 soldiers, with 488 cannon as its military strength in Asia. Let us now ask how much out of this supposed force could Russia actually use either offensively against an English army posted within its Indian territory, or on the defensive should the latter march forward to the attack.

The real strength of the Turkestan army M. Weninkoff sets down at 6,000 men, M. Stumm at 7,500, being about 26 per cent. of the whole number. The explanation of which proportion is that the number given is scattered over the enormous extent of 16,037 square miles, and is placed in charge of a turbulent population brought under very partial subjection. Similarly the troops at the disposal of the Government of Orenbourg are spread over a surface of 22,012 square miles, and it is very improbable they could spare a larger contingent

than could Turkestan; as a matter of fact, they have never yet succeeded in bringing 7,000 men together. Let us, however, take them as 20,000 available men in all, if we add to them 7,500 as the disposable forces of Turkestan, and a third part of those at Khiva and Fergana, though indeed they could ill be spared, we have only 33,400 as a result, which we might fairly reduce by 25 per cent. But we have left out, it will be said, the large army of the Caucasus. We have done so for the excellent reason that it has quite enough already on its hands. Even when borrowing from European Russia, it could not bring into the field more than 190,000 men. Battle and disease have certainly already robbed it of one-third of these, leaving but 80,000 to depend upon for watching the eastern shores of the Black Sea, for holding in safe occupation the newly-acquired provinces, and for keeping guard over what remains of Turkey in Asia, as well as looking out for an attack from the English by way of the Persian Gulf, should Russia have decided on going to war with us.

The other point which we promised to touch upon was the difficulty of moving troops from a great distance. Former conquerors of India have approached it either on the side of Cabool by way of Fergana and Samarkand, or on that of Kandahar through Merv and Herat, and they have chosen these routes for want of any other. But on reaching Kandahar from Khiva, Merv, and Herat, the Russians would have to traverse the desert, while from the other side they must draw the rest of the total we have allowed for Turkestan. M. Léon Cahun gives the following motives for rejecting at once this hypothesis as too chimerical. It seems that, as the crow flies, Khiva is 800 kilometres distant from Herat, of which space 600 kilometres are arid desert. Then this latter distance exactly intervenes between Herat and Kandahar. Add to this that the Russians could not concentrate their forces at Khiva more rapidly than they could at Tachkend, and even when there they have 800 kilometres more before them of country without roads and without resources, with unsubdued races and with Afghans around them, who might meet them in no friendly spirit upon their way to the very first positions from which they could make any effective attack upon India. The only serious hypothesis suggests the concentration of Russian troops in the Fergana, either at Tachkend, in order to mass them as near as possible to India, or else at Samarkand or Balkh, which would only be a preparatory step to the same

manceuvre at Tachkend. The personal observations of M. Stumm give about four months and a half as the length of time necessary for an army with all its baggage train to march from Orenbourg to Tachkend; not, of course counting in the time needed for mobilizing the troops at Orenbourg. So that in five months' time from orders *received* at each station 27,400 men from Orenbourg and Turkestan might under the most favourable circumstances be concentrated at Tachkend. In somewhat startling contrast to which result is the fact that England could with the utmost rapidity send forward 60,000 men at the very least into Cabool.

Comparatively recent events prove the truth of this calculation. Of the 5,500 soldiers from Turkestan who took part in the expedition of 1873, and were stationed at Djizak about the 10th of March, 3,888 reached Khiva on the 9th of June, forming part of the 7,639 who remained out of the 13,200 originally sent. The movement which had gathered the troops at Djizak by March was first set on foot in January, and would justify us in naming seven rather than five months as the time that would elapse between a declaration of war and its actual commencement. M. Stumm also throws some light on the rate of speed at which orders can be transmitted. He himself posted from St. Petersburg to Tachkend within fourteen days, but names twenty days as the quickest speed for an ordinary courier. Again, for the maintenance of an army of 150,000 men Asia supplies absolutely nothing but horses; all provisions must be brought from Europe. The annual deficits in the income of the Government of Turkestan mount up to a considerable sum, and what it costs to supply moderately even the 40,000 now in Orenbourg gives but a faint idea of the cost involved in the full equipment, transfer, and support of an army hurried forward in time to carry war into India before the English could occupy Afghanistan, and thence invade the Russian dominion, deprived of its full complement of troops. But let us suppose a Russian army has left behind it either Samarkand or Djizak, Ouratipa, or perhaps Khodgent, with some point between Cabool and Kandahar for its destination, this cannot be fixed much short of 200 leagues. At 50 kilometres' distance it enters upon a hostile country, and as soon as it quits the course of the higher Oxus it finds itself within Afghan territory, and will have marched 800 weary kilometres ere it has reached Cabool. None more qualified to describe this district than the Sultan Baber, who, in the sixteenth century, wrote of it as being

fortified by nature and difficult to attack, the chain of the Hindou-Kush stretching along between Cabool on one side, and on the other Balkh, Koundouz, and Badakchan. The heights and rocky passes then of this huge mountain must be scaled by the Russians, even though they exclaim that the Balkans are but pigmies beside them. Of the seven passes that offer themselves to their choice, Sultan Baber remarked, three are the worst of the whole, of the others all are impassable, except Ab-Dereh, during the four or five months of bad weather ; and in the summer the melting of the snows renders every one without exception impracticable. It is only in autumn, and for three or four months, when the waterflow decreases that a passage through can be attempted. Unfortunately, in the district of Orenbourg and throughout a considerable extent of Turkestan marching is impossible unless during the spring. Amongst the mountains of the south it must be delayed till autumn, when an army should be already struggling along the defiles many miles further south. But we shall imagine the Russians have not only reached Afghanistan, but have by large sums bribed its Mussulman inhabitants to take up arms against the cause of their Turkish co-religionists, and join their forces to the 30,000 Russian soldiers, worn out with their long continued marching, rather than to the well-appointed 60,000 and more Indian Mussulmans, who are neither fatigued, nor impoverished, nor of alien religion. And we can allow but one extra month for them to have accomplished all this since they left Samarkand, besides bringing ample war munitions with them, and sparing men to keep up free communications throughout a line of 200 leagues behind them. Meanwhile, during these eight complete months, what have the English been doing to arrest the threatened invasion ?

The first advantage which the Indian Empire possesses is that it does not require to draw any war material from Europe. It has a large arsenal established at Meerut ; a railway depôt with a body of eight thousand European workmen is placed near Allahabad, where guns, locomotives, and cartridges are manufactured, and there is a great store of all the tools and implements required. There is abundance of provisions, and sources whence they can be obtained, without any fear of deficit, even within the limits of the Empire itself. And suppose more was needed, within a few weeks abundance could be brought to Karachi from Europe, or from British colonies, or from countries close to India. While for transfer to any inland point,

and more especially in the direction of any inroad from the north, whether the rapid laying down of railroads be a good commercial speculation or not, there can be no question of the immense assistance it would render to any military movements, in the transportation of troops and their supplies, more especially since from Calcutta, from Bombay, and Karachi all the lines converge northward to Peshawar as a central point, where twelve regiments are stationed within easy reach. The army of Bengal may be taken as a type of the other provinces, and comprises, of native troops alone, the army of Bengal proper, the Punjab frontier force, the central Indian corps, and the contingent of Hyderabad. Of these the first three bodies form a total of twenty-five regiments of regular cavalry, and sixty regiments of regular infantry, with five batteries and ten companies of engineers. Of these regiments fifty-eight are placed along the line of railway from Calcutta to Peshawar, forty-one lie within a radius of fifty leagues, and seventeen of twenty-five leagues, from the frontier. The ten companies of engineers and five batteries are on the frontier itself. Of this whole force there are only twenty-seven regiments which could not be conveyed to the frontier in fifty hours. In brief, by the third day of the second month after orders for marching had been received, sixty regiments of infantry, twenty-five of cavalry, five batteries and ten companies of engineers would be ready for action at the frontier, representing a force of about 36,000 foot, 7,500 horse, 1,500 sappers and artillery, that is to say, 45,000 men in all; the railway being left entirely free to carry up from the south any kind of munition and provision wanted, or to forward supplies to the large military magazines of Mooltan and Lahore, which may have been drained to supply Peshawar, Kohat, and Rawul Pindee.

The troops hitherto called into requisition constitute simply the army of Bengal; those in central India, or Hyderabad, or belonging to Bombay or Madras have not been touched, nor has one of the more than 60,000 European soldiers been employed. The native army of Madras contains four regiments of regular cavalry and two of irregular cavalry, forty-one regiments of regular infantry, and ten companies of engineers. The army of Bombay numbers four regiments of cavalry, twenty-nine of infantry, two companies of artillery, and five companies of engineers; not to do more than mention the Sind frontier force of about 1,500, stationed at Jacobabad, and forming an extreme left wing to the 45,000 men already men-

tioned as concentrated on the higher streams of the Indus. From these numbers it has been concluded that a force of 3,500 men could be drawn from the army of the Madras province, sent by train across to Calicut, thence by sea to Karachi, and so again by rail to the position of the Sind frontier force. In like manner Bengal could supply a reinforcement of 5,000 native soldiers, and both provinces just named could each spare 5,000 European troops, which would swell the total force on the frontier to an army of 60,000, and this without calculating on the speedy arrival of further aid from England, and without reference to the 50,000 European troops held as a reserve in the country. Nor is this military strength, of which we have just given the statistics, either untrained in service or unproved in courage and fidelity; it is but recently that some have shown their full willingness and readiness. Neither are they a wild, half-infuriated horde, as the Russian Press has represented them, but are immensely superior in civilization to the greater part of the soldiers of the Czar.

If, however, six months be allowed for English action, instead of the two within which they might achieve what we have described, we shall find how much more can be done. From Kohat to Cabool Sultan Baber counted ten encampments by way of the Khyber Pass. In our own day our troops followed this same route in a similar number of marches in their expeditions through Afghanistan. In describing this district the precision and correctness of the information handed down by Sultan Baber is wonderful. "Close to Adinapour," he wrote, "the land of heat was entered, the hot and cold regions are contiguous. From Cabool one reaches in a day the district where snow never falls, within two hours one reaches country where the snow never melts, unless the summer be unusually mild." "In ten days an English army," says M. Cahun, "can reach Cabool from Kohat, nor is any real opposition on the part of the Afghans to be expected. Once centred in Cabool, they would immediately occupy the defiles of Hindou-Kush, fortify them, and construct behind them a good road, or even a line of railway, for this a large body of coolies might be pressed into service. Wild and mountainous as is the surrounding scenery, the ground does not present insurmountable difficulties, for the Khyber Pass is formed rather by a series of undulations. And though this were a serious undertaking for Russians to carry out, who could scarcely get together so many as five hundred labourers in all central

Asia, still less convey them with their tools from Samarkand to the mountains, for the English it would be child's-play compared with the construction of their railroad in Abyssinia.

While, then, we can imagine the English and Russians brought face to face in this Afghan territory, and not so far removed from Russian Asia behind them, it is not difficult to guess on which side the interests and aspirations of these races would most incline. It is not a question of the conquest of Afghanistan, of wounding their national pride, of placing any constraint on their independence. The thought that would fill the Afghan's breast is rather a desire to see the reunion of all the Mussulman faithful under a strong power like that of the Indian Empire, to avenge insulted and menaced Islamism. He would dream of and fight for its re-establishment in Turkestan, its restoration to fresh strength in the distant seat of its power at Constantinople, and towards this the money and influence of England will help him. What, on the contrary, does he see in the Russians? The antagonist of Mohammed's creed, one who would fain destroy the sanctuary of Islam. But how would it be at the same time in Russian Asia, when the Muscovites are between it and the English army, strongly fortified amongst the mountain passes? Would not formidable insurrections very possibly break out in Fergana, where the heat of disputed victory still smoulders, in Khiva and Bokhara but partially subdued, and held through fear of risking an unequal contest, and peopled by wandering, turbulent, and savage races of Mussulmans who feel humiliated and enraged at their subjection. Could not the English from their safe position invite and stir up a furious guerilla warfare round about the rear of the Russian enemy. How far from impossible is still a universal Mohammedan rising throughout Asia and Africa. An emissary has, in fact, been sent into Afghanistan itself, with the definite object of detaching from Russia whatever inclination the country might have towards it, and of diverting that feeling in favour of England. Thus, from a French point of view, justified by many ingenious arguments and details, the idea of a Russian invasion which would threaten the peace or stability of our Indian possessions in their northern frontier is a mere piece of idle and unmeaning bluster, which, under present circumstances at least, need scarcely occupy much of our attention, or occasion the country very serious alarm.

Some Thoughts about Thinking.

PART I.—NATURALNESS AND SPONTANEITY OF THOUGHT.

BY way of impressing on a foreigner, who is learning our language, that he must not trust too much to rule, we sometimes declare it to be the first rule of English grammar that there is no rule. This assertion, of course, is not literally true; but it has an obvious, common-sense acceptance, in which it is true enough. Something similar holds with regard to the art of thinking. Properly understood, the advice is sound, that, in the matter of thinking, the art is to discard art. It was an evil day when men began seriously to call in question the competence of their faculties to arrive at objective truth; and when, as a consequence of this first misgiving, they set themselves to construct an artificial bridge whereby to pass from the subject to the object. Better far, had they taken nature on trust, when she told them, not only that they knew, but that they knew that they knew aright. It was a pity that a lamp was devised by man in order that by its light he might judge of the light-giving property of the sun. The illustration of this doctrine at a time like the present, when so much harm is being done to correctness of thought by forcing thought's currents to flow in channels that nature never intended for them, may well claim to come first on the list of a few considerations which, it is hoped, may lend some little help to the cause of right thinking. The object of this paper, therefore, is to suggest a few arguments in behalf of those natural, spontaneous workings of the mind which it is the whole tendency of modern philosophy to discredit, to pervert, or altogether to supplant by the substitution of something more artificial. "Verify your faculties," it is urged, "before you trust them; trust them only as far as they are verifiable by methods which science has devised and to which she has set her seal. Beware of inborn impulse." So preach the reformers of to-day; and without denying to them the utility—in many cases the necessity

—of conducting courses of thought by reflex principles, yet we do dispute with them the extreme view they take of the need of artificializing mental processes.

One of the curses of nineteenth-century speculation is, that it is so untrue to nature, so unduly mistrustful of the spontaneous convictions of the human mind, so pretentiously, so preposterously scientific, where a little common sense would be so much more to the purpose. Consider the state to which we are fast being brought. To Rousseau, the paragon man was the man untouched by education, the born savage of the wilderness, whose mind had never been trained to think. *L'homme qui pense est un animal dépravé*. The human paragon, to which modern ideas seem to be tending, is a man in whom hardly a vestige of his native humanity, at least as far as mental processes are concerned, is to be left surviving. All our old-world notions must be remodelled after the fashion prescribed by the latest philosophy. Indeed, how wide is the revolution aimed at by positivism might be tellingly brought out by examining, in detail, the utter unfitness of any existing language to express positivist conceptions. The dictionary would simply want re-writing, if the new learning were to meet with general acceptance—which, however, there is not the slightest chance of its ever attaining.¹

¹ The unscrupulous use of old words with new meanings is a point worth noting. We read, for example, of "the sacred duty" of conforming to the laws of "highest morality" and of "religion." These are well known words to which immemorial usage has affixed a most precise meaning. But what a caricature of this meaning is the sense attached to these same expressions by materialists, of whose doctrine the following illustration is no caricature, but a literal setting forth. Suppose a man, through carelessness, to fall and slightly hurt himself. This is a moral fault; for it lessens the sum total of human happiness, and is a disregard of the laws of nature. Hence it becomes the offender's duty to breathe internally a kind of prayer to this effect: "O inviolable law of gravitation, thou whose attribute it is to vary directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance, I acknowledge the constancy, the universality, the necessity of thy workings; I promise in future to be more cautious to put myself in harmony with thy requirements." This prayer is framed simply after the teaching laid down in an article in the *Westminster Review*. And should it be urged, that the writer was far from intending that his doctrine should receive expression in the shape of prayer, the rejoinder is ready; what right had he, then, to speak of reverence for the laws of nature as being a religion, which is adequately, and more than adequately, to take the place of the old religion? Religion, like morality, means something beyond submission to blind physical forces, out of mere utilitarian considerations. At least so usage has settled the meaning of words. If materialistic moralists would devise some altogether new terms, without any very definite signification, they would have symbols exactly corresponding to their own conceptions; and, meantime, mankind in general would be saved the outrage of having their most sacred and precisely significant words turned into meaningless mockeries.

To put the case shortly, the aim of modern aspiration is to replace the natural man by what, in a broad sense of the term, may be called a man of *culture*—that is, a man trained to think only according to artificial rule.

Now in opposition to this ultra-scientific spirit, which, as a matter of plainest fact, is producing nothing but chaos in human thought, it is proposed to set up a claim for the validity of more simple methods of procedure. It will be contended that the mind, by straining after over-wisdom, only mystifies and stultifies itself. It will be maintained that those easy, natural inferences, by which the reason is led to conclude that there are such things as a soul, a God, a revelation, and a supernatural religion, are really more trustworthy than the sophisticated processes by which it is sought to throw discredit on the whole region of ideas such as those just mentioned.

But before further advance is made, a *caveat* must be entered. The object of these pages is not to condemn all reflex reasoning, nor to deny the value of scientific methods, nor to advocate self-surrender to the guidance of mere sentiment. No sympathy will be shown for those who make morality a matter of blind instinct; nor for the pretenders to a sort of spiritual taste by which they can, off-hand, perceive Scripture to be the inspired word of God; nor yet for the sectaries who teach that faith has no groundwork in reason, but is even in flat contradiction to reason. All these are extreme views; and if an onslaught were being made on the upholders of them, no doubt it would be the necessity of keeping close to rules of sound logic that would have to be enforced. But, in the present instance, the attack is directed on the opposite pole of error; it must therefore be conducted from an opposite quarter. A perverted cautiousness, degenerating into scepticism where it ought to believe, and into credulity where it ought to disbelieve—this it is that has now to be combated. The arms used will be nothing more formidable than the urging of a few truths pretty widely admitted, from which a conclusion will be drawn that, unfortunately, has not met with such general acceptance.

As a first statement, it will be hardly questioned that bodily actions, to be perfect, must have about them a sort of easy spontaneity. In feats of agility the effect is spoiled if, during the course of their performance, the mind is busy upon them, doubting, deliberating, correcting, deciding, retracting. The acrobat would be lost if he stopped to consider his movements.

Then, as to simple grace of motion, self-consciousness is the ruin of all success. No one so awkward as the man who is thinking out a polite comportment while he is in society. This principle, that scarce anything perturbs human action so much, as the mind of the actor being turned upon it in a spirit of suspicious surveillance, is true even of the involuntary functions of life. The vegetative processes are only deranged by reflexion upon them. To borrow an instance which is plain to understand, if not very elegant, Sir H. Holland, speaking of fidgetty dyspeptics who are ever thinking about their digestion, says bluntly that, when the stomach is at work, the less the mind has to do with it the better. Perfect distraction from the fate of the newly-swallowed meal is the best condition to be in after dinner. Now this mind of ours which can thus perplex, by a system of *espionage*, the functions of the body, can it not also by a similar process disorder its own workings? Assuredly it can. Ferrier opens his metaphysical lectures by applying to the mind the fable of the lamp in Eastern story, which, so long as its own construction was not pried into, guided its possessor to the most valuable discoveries; but so soon as itself became the object of a dissecting scrutiny, all was undone. Too much self-introspection works the mind into a phrensy, and may easily end in madness. Hence one reason for the repugnance of the mind to self-examination, another being the unflattering character of results.

If such be the case, it at once appears how well worth while the endeavour may be, to gather a few testimonies in favour of a less rigorously reflex system of thought than what is now in vogue, men being bent on thinking according to approved method more than on thinking rationally. The method of calling witnesses will be used in preference to mere reasoning from the nature of things, because the question is rather one of experience than of *a priori* investigation. Besides the fact that not a single book has been read for the purpose of hunting out passages that may tell in the way desired, it must, in fairness to the argument, be added that very scant justice is done to it, for lack of a wider acquaintance with works likely to furnish the best evidence in its behalf. However, this meagre attempt may serve the purpose of prompting some one, who has the power, to treat the matter more efficiently. The inquiry is necessarily one-sided; but, since what is looked to is really one side of the question, it

must not be disregarded simply because there is also another side.

It is often asserted that genius must follow its bent. That is to say, prior to all teaching, there is an inborn disposition of the mind, fitting it for this career and not for that—for following the career in this way and not in that. We need not stop to discuss the question whether genius, like murder, "will out." Both answers, Yes and No, are partially right; and both, taken as absolute, unqualified statements, are wrong. You have one party declaring that

The world has never known
Its loveliest and its best.

And Grey, in his *Elegy*, mourns over the lot of the "village Cromwells" buried in a nameless grave, who, had they been aided by external circumstances, might have won for themselves tombs that after-ages would visit with awe. On the other side, there are people who love to dwell on the irrepressibility of genius, which, according to Professor Huxley, "as an explosive power, beats gunpowder hollow." Sydney Smith goes so far as to say that, "it is scarcely possible to prevent great men from rising up under any system of education, however bad." Sir B. Brodie's opinion is, that education cannot make a genius, though it may very easily mar one. And this mean between two extreme views seems to come pretty near the truth, about which mankind are really more unanimous than, from their words, it might at first sight appear—the truth, namely, that children enter this world with certain inborn capacities, which opportunity alone can properly draw out, and which it is the aim of every sound system of education to develop, after the peculiar nature of the material it has to work upon. So that, amid differences as to detail, there is yet a common agreement among men, that mental faculties are something inborn, not something originated by the schoolmaster; and that all which it is within the power of art to do for these faculties, is to help nature conformably to her own laws, not venturing to go counter to these, under pain of self-stultification more or less complete, according as the violence offered to nature is greater or less. A very common-place proposition, no doubt; yet one which it is to the point at times to set forth explicitly, just as it is to the point at times to make an explicit declaration that treaties have a binding force; that robbery is robbery even when a King is

the robber; and that there is a limit to the means which a statesman may use in the pursuit of a pet project.

Taking it for granted, then, and as a first principle, that in the attainment of knowledge we must act, not according to arbitrary theory, but in subjection to the requirements of our own rational nature, we will proceed to gather the testimony of a few able judges—men and women—as to the presence of a certain spontaneous element in the workings of the mind. It may be this element needs control; but that is not the question just now; what we want to ascertain, *hic et nunc*, is the reality of the existence of such an element. Afterwards we will consider its import.

We may begin with a passage from the autobiography of Harriet Martineau. "I wrote," she says, "because I could not help it. There was something that I wanted to say and I said it; that was all. The fame, and the money, and the usefulness might or might not follow. It was not my endeavour if they did." Setting aside the question whether this lady was correct in her view, as to where exactly lay the real excellencies of her books, we have, in her words, a repetition of the avowal so often made by writers of eminence—and indeed by persons of eminence in all branches—that they were driven to their work by a strong, native impulse. They did not force nature; they followed her. In short they had a vocation. Moreover, the precise field of a man's action once fixed upon, the spontaneous promptings of nature do not stop short there. Let us listen to Mozart. His own account of his work is that he really does not know why his style is what it is. "I do not aim at any originality: I should be unable to describe in what my style consists." He awaits the favourable moment and then gives thought the reins. "When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer—say, travelling in a carriage or walking after a satisfactory meal—it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. I cannot force them." To pass from music to poetry is an easy transition. K. Digby thus lodges his complaint against our modern self-introspective poets. "The proud are too knowing to become or continue poets. The sensations caused in us by the various beauties of literature are so fine and delicate, that they perish at the first effort of the mind to understand their causes and relations. In general, pleasure defies analysis, and we are affected exactly in proportion as we are ignorant of the

manner how. The proud curiosity of the moderns has impoverished their imagination. That sensibility which in youth extended to all surrounding objects gradually departs, and the same man, who had once so lively a sense of beauty, finishes by regarding it with indifference." Some who may dissent as to certain details in this passage, must at least agree with it in so far as it sets forth the cause of that simple, self-forgetful, charming freshness, which we enjoy in the poetry of primitive peoples, but which we look for in vain in the poetry of scientific ages. The extract is also in harmony with the common teaching of critics, that the self-introverted dramatist will not succeed in his art. He needs unselfing before he can properly portray the characters of real life.

But let us quit the realm of imaginative productions, where a less rigorously scientific method might be expected to prevail, and let us turn to matters more practical. And as an instance of the most practical of all practical matters—whatever some may think to the contrary—we will take religion. This of course must not be a matter of blind instinct; far from it; but that there are such things as keen religious instincts, not the product of conscious, reflex reasoning—such is the point which now calls for our notice. "We hear," says the late Father Faber, "of holy men who, by throwing themselves heart and soul, like children, into the system of the Church, acquired such an instinct for true doctrine, that they could reject subtle errors when propounded to them, even though they had no knowledge of dogmatic theology."

This principle can easily be abused, as what principle can not? But, *suppositis supponendis*, religious instinct is a most valuable guide to its possessor. A testimony to this effect is given by the Bishop of Birmingham in regard to the Reverend Mother O'Halloran, that wonderful woman, whose strong practical sense stood her so well in stead of education. His Lordship mentions, in his Preface to her Life, that at times he would let drop in conversation expressions savouring of unsound doctrine, in order to test her. She, who had not the learning to put her remarks into scientific shape, had yet enough of the habit of correct judgment, in matters of ordinary Catholic truth, to detect the lurking of something that ran counter to the general tenour of her beliefs. Her judgments were sound, though she could not analyze their process.

After the Church comes the State; so after citing an

example from religious history, we will select one from the domain of politics. We often hear it said that a political institution must be a growth; it cannot be built up according to order. Such a growth is our own Constitution. When the French Anglomaniacs tried to import it wholesale into their country, they failed signally, as might have been foretold. Now one thing notable about these political growths is, the large share that spontaneous development has in bringing about the result. On this subject we may avail ourselves of the testimony of a truly great and good man, though somewhat suspected by Englishmen because of his Ultramontanism, and because of his overdone depreciation of Bacon's talents. Indeed, even his own friends allow that he has exaggerated, at times, the inefficiency of scientific method. Still, narrowed down to the sense above indicated, the following passage from de Maistre conveys a wholesome lesson. "Never has any great institution been the product of a law; and the greater the institution, the less has it had recourse to written documents.² It is built up by the conspiring efforts of a thousand agents, who are nearly always unaware of what precisely they are bringing about; so much so, that frequently they seem to have been unconscious of the right they were establishing for themselves. Thus, through the ages, the institution insensibly pushes its growth. *Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo*. Such is the eternal plan of every great production, political and religious."

Nothing is staked on this passage beyond the point up to which it bears witness to a spontaneity in the mind's action as distinguished from thought made to work on set system.³ Not only was Rome not built in a day; it was not even planned in a day. The planning ceased only with the building. Bit by bit, the powerful organization was formed according to the dictate of sound sense at the moment, not according to preconceived theory. So jealous was Rome of theorists that she shut out philosophers from her precincts by special law; in which conduct, if there is something to blame, there is also something not altogether without excuse, especially when it is taken into account what the Sophists were doing for Greece. If modern Germany, instead of persecuting her priests, had

² The French Convention issued more laws in a few days, than our legislature would in as many years.

³ It is well known what a dread our Parliament has of theorists, especially when these gentlemen are given to airing their views in long speeches.

banished a host of her so-called philosophers, she would have rid herself of a real danger instead of an imaginary one. Not that we would discredit true philosophy, kept within its own proper sphere; but that sphere is limited, and this is the point on which stress is now being laid. Our protest is against cracking nuts with steam engines; against bringing up cannon to shoot partridges; against breaking flies on the wheel. There are some plain, practical problems of life which men declare to be insoluble, not because these really are so, but because they are approached in an ultra-scientific manner, which in truth is very unscientific. But this is the conclusion at which we are ultimately aiming, and which we must not anticipate further than to show whither we are tending. Meantime, it is one step taken on our road if we have—not proved, for the point needs no proof—but stated a few instances of the common fact, that many of the mind's best judgments, especially in practical matters, are made simply, without pomp of circumstance and parade of system. We all know the story of one who was an ornament of the English Bench, and to whom the advice was given to proclaim boldly his decisions, as these were pretty certain to be right, but to withhold his reasons, for these were very likely to be wrong. Not, of course, that his real reasoning had been vicious; what was at fault was his reflex effort to go over again the ground which he had first traversed by the direct process. To steer a correct course of thought, and afterwards to lay down a correct chart of the course, belong to two different faculties, of which the one often stands in the way of the other. This after-effort on the part of the judge, which failed to follow out the track taken by a spontaneous argument, had it, instead, been a previous effort to pioneer the way, might easily have had no other result than to render him incompetent for his post. Our intuitive processes must indeed be conscious; but they are often perplexed by the inquisitive gaze of self-consciousness. Hence we not seldom hear such speeches as these: "I knew how to spell such and such a word, if you had not so deliberately asked me about it;" "I can write such and such a foreign language correctly, if you do not confront me with rules and force me to guide myself by these." And so on in numberless other instances.

Consider the matter now from another point of view, whence possibly some fresh light may be shed on the subject. It is not an uncommon recommendation that a man in per-

plexity as to a course of conduct should ask the advice of some prudent woman. Why a woman? This is the point which we are going to examine. The precise difference between the mind of man and the mind of woman is a question for experience to settle, not for *a priori* theory. Sidney Smith would attribute all diversity to a diversity of bringing up. Speaking of the distinction that women "are more quick and men more judicious;" that women "are more remarkable for delicacy of association, and men for stronger powers of attention," he holds that herein there is nothing "which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without referring to any difference of original conformation of mind. . . . As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt and trundle hoops together, they are precisely alike." Now, fortunately for our case, a plunge into the controversy as to whether woman's soul is different from man's is not to the present purpose. But what is to the point is to avail ourselves of an opinion which has several respectable names to support it, and which must have some truth in it. It need not be a universally prevailing principle; it is enough if it holds good in many individual cases. The thing observed, then, is that woman is more direct and intuitive in her perceptions; she is less sophisticated by scientific methods; in some degree her faculties are left more to their primitive simplicity, though they cannot retain that absolutely primitive character which Mill dreamed of, as the sole condition available for the proper study of psychology. We may quote to our purpose one testimony, the length of which must be an excuse for not adding to it many more. In *Guesses at Truth* we read:

It is from being guided wholly by usage, undisturbed by extraneous considerations, and from their characteristic fineness of discernment with regard to what is fit and appropriate, as well as from being much less blown about by the vanity of writing cleverly, that sensible, educated women have a simple grace of style rarely attained by men, whose minds are ever and anon caught and entangled in the briary thickets of *hows* and *how-fars*, *whys* and *why-nots*, and who often think much less of what they have to say than in what manner they shall say it. When women, however sally out of the proper sphere into that of objective, reflective authorship, . . . they often lose the simple graces of style which, within their own element belong to them. The woman who deliberates is lost.⁴ . . . When a woman

⁴ To be received with a grain of salt.

deviates from usage to comply with some rule, which she supposes to run counter to it, she is apt to misapply the rule from ignorance of its grounds and of its limits. For rules, though useful momentoes to such as understand their principles, have no light in themselves, and are usually so framed as to fail at the very moment of need. Clear enough when all is clear, they grow dark and go out when all is dark.

Now, with regard to this power of simple intuition as a characteristic of women, it is no part of the present contention that it is their sole, or even their chief characteristic, or that it is found in all women without exception. The case being one of experience, we merely state that it is the recorded opinion of competent judges that such a characteristic is to be found. And if further appeal must be made to each one's own observation, we cannot advise that he should go about among his lady friends, experimenting and taking notes; but at least from knowledge accidentally gathered, we may expect some confirmation of the view above expressed.

It only remains to restate the proposition, and to make a brief application of it to the matter in hand. Hazlitt shall be our spokesman, whereby we gain the weight of one more testimony on our side. "Women," he says are less implicated in theories, and judge of objects more from their immediate and voluntary impressions on the mind, and therefore more truly and naturally." If this be so, we have found out the special—or a special—value of woman as a counsellor. She need not be in all things the best adviser, but we know where to look for a peculiar excellence in her. And, to come to the point, we have another reason for suspecting that scientific methods of thinking may sometimes defeat their own purpose, giving no results or false results, where a little more confidence in native instincts, or in natural directness of thought would lead to sound conclusions.

Take a further consideration which may contribute a little, if only a little, in aid of our research. It is sometimes discussed how far literary criticism is beneficial to literature. If the question is put simply, Does criticism do good? the answer must be, Yes. It is asked again, Had we better have criticism as it is than none at all? Again we must say, Yes. Still there are aspects under which criticism has its drawbacks, in part avoidable, in part unavoidable. For instance, it may occupy pens that had better be employed on original production than be

frittering away their forces on reviewing the labours of others. But nothing of this sort concerns us at present. The mention of the French Academy will set us on the right tack. It has been objected to this body that, whatever its services—and they have been great—it has cramped the freedom of French genius.⁵ At least, we in England say so; and our good friends abroad will not begrudge us our opinion, so long as we do not force it down their throats, and so long as we allow them to hold their opinion as to the "barbarous licence" of Shakespeare, who had no academy to keep him in check. Corneille or Shakespeare? The choice seems to be one of greater correctness or of greater strength. It is a hard lot, but we cannot have both excellencies together, perfect faultlessness and the highest grandeur. The confines of the sublime and the ridiculous—of what is in taste and what is out of taste—lie so indistinctly divided off, that he whose first resolve it is never to overleap the line, must make up his mind to forego the greatest triumphs of his art. It is like performing gymnastic feats before a company. He who will never jump at a hurdle of which he does not feel pretty sure, may be spared the humiliation of an ungainly *sprawl*. A bolder competitor will perform higher feats, but at the cost of a few falls. Two skaters might be similarly contrasted, one bent chiefly on avoiding failures, the other content to fail sometimes as the price of higher achievement. Now, Shakespeare was the venturesome genius. Both Jeffrey and Isaac Disraeli concur in saying that, while no man has written more sublimely than Shakespeare, no man has sounded the depths of bathos lower than he occasionally has done. He might have been saved some of his grosser faults had he written ever in the conscious dread of a thousand reviews ready to gibbet them; or had he been painfully self-watchful about conforming to rules laid down by high authorities. But we gladly put up with his faults, even his great faults, in our thankfulness that he was left free to take his own bold flights. Over-culture would have spoilt him. And that culture itself does not demur to the opinion just expressed, may be inferred from one of its own chief apostles, who has lately reviewed, in the *Quarterly*, M. Scherer's critique on Goethe. Amongst

⁵ Here the effects of being tied down to rule are treated only as they affect sublimity: they have similar results on simplicity, which may be exemplified by the absence of long-winded declamation in Shakespeare's dialogues as compared with those of the French dramatists.

passages quoted with approval, at least as to their gist, are these: "Goethe is truly original and thoroughly superior only in his lyrical poems, and in the first part of *Faust*. They are immortal works, and why? *Because they issue from a personal feeling, and a spirit of system has not petrified them.* . . . In Goethe reflexion has [on the whole] been too much for emotion, the savant too much for poetry, the philosophy of art too much for the artist." The reviewer continues in his own words: "The first part of *Faust* is evidently Goethe's best work. And it is so for the plain reason that, except his *Gedichte*, it is his most straightforward work in poetry. Mr. Hayward's is the best translation of *Faust*, for the same reason, *because it is the most straightforward.* To be simple and straightforward is, as Milton saw and said, of the essence of first-rate poetry. All that M. Scherer says of the ruinousness, to the poet, of symbols, hieroglyphics, mystifications, is just. When Mr. Carlyle praises *Helena* for being 'not a type of one thing, but a vague, fluctuating, fitful adumbration of many,' he praises it for what is its fatal defect." With this extract we take leave of the subject of literary production, trusting that enough has been said to show that, in this region also, there is danger of over-doing system to the detriment of spontaneous effort.

Our next attack upon the tyranny of system is on the ground of study in general. Most properly do we condemn the un-systematic student as a waster of energy. But let system grow to be over-systematic, and the charge of wasting energy recoils upon system itself. Want of system and excess of system—both are evils to be dreaded. Moreover the mind has its moods, which are not reducible to law; and except for the sluggish mind, that can force itself forward only by keeping to grooves, it is downright folly for the student, whose time is his own, to make it an iron rule to himself: "I will do classics on Mondays, mathematics on Tuesdays, and history on Wednesdays." It will happen over and over again that he is not in the mood on Monday for Monday's prearranged work, whereas he is in the mood for Tuesday's. If so, he will do little good by clinging to rule in spite of nature. That this is sound doctrine, experience will have taught every genuine student; as for one who is not this, but a drudge that can work only under the drill of routine, by all means let such a one have his exceptionless rules and keep to them slavishly, with what content he may. Of course no relaxation of prescribed order could be recommended to

school-boys, partly because they are boys, and partly because they must follow regular class-work. Again there are certain matters which a man ought to study, but which are not pleasant subjects for any one to grapple with—still less for certain people whose tastes lie markedly in the opposite direction. Here a slight repugnance would not justify a departure from system; on the contrary repugnance must be met and overcome. Ordinary weariness or disinclination is something altogether different from those moods, in which a man clearly sees that he can do absolutely no good by pretending to study what his mind will not attend to. Having put these limits to our principle, we may now make bold to quote a witness or two, whose words may easily be interpreted in a wrong sense, while a prudent reader may place his own very reasonable construction upon them, no matter whether this be exactly the author's intent or not. Sydney Smith, after laying it down that only for the indolent is study by fixed hours needful, goes on to say, "the system in everything ought to be—do as you please, so long as you please to do what is right." As to our second witness, perhaps if he had been writing for all the world, or specially on the look out against what critics might call in question, he would have put in a few limiting, cautionary phrases. Yet even without these, the following passage, from a private letter of Mr. Carlyle's, contains, at the least, a kernel of sound advice, not to be misconstrued by the intelligent reader: "As to the books you should read, there is hardly anything definite that can be said. For one thing you may be strenuously advised to keep reading. Any good book, any book that is wiser than yourself, will teach you something—a great many things directly and indirectly, if your mind be open to learn. This old counsel of Johnson's is also good: 'Read the book you do *honestly* feel a wish and curiosity to read.'" Here is advice that may be abused to any extent, but let the abuser look to that. The truth conveyed is that you cannot, beforehand and to the last detail, settle what are to be your mental rations, and so best succeed in feeding the intellect. The intellect must, to some extent, be left free to choose its own diet, varying quantity and quality as circumstances shall suggest. The mind is not a machine, has not the regularity of a machine, and cannot be treated as a machine. It must not only receive laws for its own government, but still more it must give laws. It has not even the constancy of the land, which can bear a fixed rotation of

crops so long as there is change. More self-asserting than this, the mind will bear its best fruits only when allowed to have its own way to an extent that no rule from without can, at all points, determine. If this be so, we have what we want, one more warning against the danger of being systematic to a degree that nature will rebel against.

Another little point in connexion with study is the worse than uselessness of trying to master a subject by sheer violence. The best course is frequently and quietly to ponder questions, and to abandon the effort as soon as the mind begins to feel weary, baffled, and confused. A few strong heads may stand a severer strain; for instance, Newton says of himself, that he kept his subject always before him, and that "he thought and thought till he was almost mad." But most people should follow the example of Mrs. Somerville: "I had," she writes, "and still have determined perseverance; but I soon found that it was vain to occupy my mind beyond a certain time. I grew tired, and did more harm than good; so if I met with a difficult point, instead of poring over it till I was bewildered, I left it, and took my work or some amusing book, and resumed it when my mind was fresh." Now we make bold to say, that as Hume was a sceptic in his study, but a sharer in the ordinary beliefs when he mingled naturally with his fellows, so the modern materialist works himself up into his chaotic state of mind, not by natural processes of thought, but by overstraining nature. He wants genuine simplicity.

Before drawing the practical conclusion from all that has gone before, we shall do well to take just another thing into account. As we cannot go on proving for ever, if we are to make any admissions at all, we must admit a certain number of principles as self-evident. Now, not a few of our modern philosophers are apt to think it an imperfection in a proposition that, because of its own luminousness, it cannot consent to borrow its light from extrinsic sources. According to this theory the sun is in a worse case than the moon. Yet what mistake more palpable? It is surely no drawback in the presentation of a truth that it stands self-manifested. And if intuitions of this sort are rejected, there is no wonder that the like scepticism soon comes to be shown to the really valid inferences drawn immediately from admitted premisses. In the longest arguments there is a limit to the proof of one statement by another; and we are brought to some final inference

which does not allow of further analysis. At this stage no appeal is left except to good sense and especially to good will, in the absence of which the discussion must be let drop as useless. Both in direct intuitions, therefore, and in immediate inferences there is ample field for a false love of system to creep in and make the mind reject what, if it were true to nature, it would accept. It is with our intuitions, however, that we are now more nearly concerned. What we must insist on is, that they are the clearest of our perceptive acts. Caution is needed, in less obvious matters, not to mistake fanciful intuitions for real; but caution is no less needed not to mistake real for fanciful. Mr. M'Cosh says "it should be admitted at once, that it is by spontaneous and not by reflective thought, that the mind attains its clearest and most penetrating vision of things. Our mental powers operate spontaneously and operate most faithfully when we are taking no notice of them, but are influenced by a simple desire to discover the truth." Even the pretensions of fanaticism are, to some degree, a testimony to the real power of intuition. They give us a magnified, distorted view of a most vital reality. From the author just quoted let us hear a description of certain enthusiasts:

The clearest views, they assure us, are those which we obtain by gazing immediately on the object. Have not, they ask, the seers and sages of our world, poetic and philosophic, seen further than other men by direct and not by reflected or introspective vision? Does not our consciousness witness that we get the furthest reaching glimpses, when we are wholly engrossed on looking out at things, without being at the trouble to analyze our thoughts? There are moments when all thinkers, or certain thinkers, have seen further than in their usual moods, and this by overlooking all interposing objects and gazing full on the truth. Some seem to have experienced ecstatic states in which they have been lifted above themselves, and carried into the third heavens, where they behold things which it is not possible for man to utter. . . . As there are sounds such as the sighings of the stream, heard in the stillness of the evening, which are not audible in the bustle of the day, so there are voices heard in certain quieter moods of the mind, which cannot be discovered when the soul is agitated by discussion and ratiocination. As there are states of our atmosphere in which remote objects seem near; as there are days on which we can look far down into the ocean and behold its treasures; as the night shows us lights which are invisible in the glare of common day; so there are day-moods and night-moods, in which we look into greater depths and see the dim as distinct, and behold truths glittering like gems and brilliant as constellations.

No such wonderful visions are we at present claiming for intuition. We are not holding up, as models, those who can always see an inch deeper into a millstone than their neighbours. We have all that we ask, if it is only allowed us, that we should be very careful not to let a mania for using optical instruments lead us to look at things under our very nose only through telescopes; and still more careful not to interpose artificial, distortive mediums, when it is all important that we should see clear.

And now we have seen under several aspects, which might have been still further multiplied, that the attempt to be more reflex, more systematic, more artificial than nature will allow of, does harm instead of good. It is no use sitting down, as Kant did, to invent a series of mental faculties, and assign them laws of operation that have no support in fact. We must use the faculties we have got, and in subjection to their own requirements. We must take the law, not give it, or give it only so far as it will be taken. We must not exact of our powers more than they are equal to, whilst we must generously give them credit for what they can do, even though we see that their performance is not as perfect as we might like. At our peril we must never, by unwarrantable suppression, check the full exercise of their functions. For why is it that some people declare the whole region of the spiritual world to be unknowable? Not certainly because such is the case, but because they arbitrarily demand a kind of knowledge, and a method of reaching that knowledge, which it is not in the nature of man to supply. Not advertently, but really, men are reduced to this state. It is settled *a priori* that thought is only a material product, and then of course it must, in consistency, be maintained that knowledge does not rise above the level of matter. It is settled, *a priori*, that the supernatural is undiscoverable; and then, of necessity, all its evidences have to be explained away, or met with a stolid "don't see it." It is settled, *a priori*, that the Gospels are to be brought down to the standard of ordinary history, and then the process is simple, though not uniform, of rationalizing the four narratives on the principle of saying only what, by the exigencies of the foregone conclusion, has to be said, and finding a pretext for this, if possible. It is an *a priori* principle in Biblical criticism that some erudite theory must be constructed, and then obvious interpretations must go to the wall. It is settled, *a priori*, that Christianity is part of a great mythical development, and then

the facts of its history must be forced into the ranks predetermined for them. And so on through a long catalogue of learned follies. It is to these points that we intend on a future occasion to return, in the hope of showing—what there is no space to enter into at present—that one great cause of mischief to mankind is the irrational use of natural faculties. Let us have more confidence in the spontaneous action of the mind—in its direct intuitions, and in its perception of simple inferences. Let us have less straining after system simply for system's sake. System, of course, we want, but not always; and, when we do want it, we must have it built upon plain facts, not resting most of its weight upon groundless assumptions. Let us believe that common sense, at least in common matters, may often have more right to be heard than a very pretentious philosophy which leads to several self-contradictions, or, to be euphemistic, *antinomies*, under which grand name they are looked upon as rather ornaments to a system than otherwise—nay, even as necessities of existence, inasmuch as to be and at the same time not to be is the condition of all being. Let us show some regard for the old-world theory, which worked very well, that the mind has a better index to its own nature in the examination of its own acts than in analogies drawn—not without violence—from the study of chemical affinities, of electric currents, and of nerve-phenomena. In short, let us be more natural in our way of estimating our own nature. Thus alone can we come at the truth, if truth be attainable. Perhaps we shall find that our present chaos of thought—an awful chaos to the man who looks seriously into it—a confusion daily growing worse confounded, has its explanation in the words of Holy Scripture—"This only have I found, that God made man aright, but man has bewildered himself in a multiplicity of questions."⁶

J. R.

⁶ Ecclesiastes vii. 30. Cf. 17, 24. "Noli esse justus multum, neque plus sapias quam necesse est, ne obstupescas. Cuncta tentavi in sapientia, Dixi: Sapiens efficiar, et ipsa longius recessit a me, multo magis quam erat."

The Various Nationalities of the Austrian Dominions.

EVER since the cessation of direct hostilities between Russia and Turkey the eye has looked out eagerly for news respecting the mutual action of English and Russian diplomacy. Yet side by side with this anxiety there has been another almost as great, with respect to the intentions of Austria, how far she would side with England, how far give in to Russia, how far wait for the lead of Germany; and now that the Congress has become an established fact, still Austria seems hesitating and dissatisfied. It is not for the first time that we have learnt to suspect the full sincerity or apparent consistency of Austrian policy. During the Crimean War it was the same, and we have not far to go to discover ample cause for what seems at first sight a somewhat treacherous over-caution and calculation. State craft has of late years found itself in the presence of an entirely new order of things, and suddenly called upon to grapple with a difficulty which it has for generations proudly overlooked. It is true that, centuries ago, hordes of some hitherto unknown race made their appearance successively in Europe, overwhelmed opposing forces, and conquered and settled down in large districts, forming new territories, till gradually they lost somewhat of their individuality, and became identified with a particular country or kingdom. But modern rulers and statesmen have been long accustomed to legislate for their respective kingdoms as a whole, and looking upon themselves as simply representing the dominant class or race, have claimed the right of ignoring all distinctions of origin, and of merging the interests of the weaker in those of the stronger side.

Within the present century there has been a great reawakening of the spirit of nationality. At its commencement the Greeks struck their blow for the independence of their race, the motive put forth for the expulsion of the Austrians out

of Northern Italy was the liberation of Italian soil from the foot of the alien and oppressor. The new character attributed to still more recent struggles as being *wars of race*, is merely an acknowledgment of the restlessness which begins to agitate beneath the surface of different races at present combining more or less closely to form one external kingdom and government, and threatens, as in chemistry, to resolve a compound into its several parts. In no country is the change between past and present more complete than it is in Austria, and in this change within herself, within her own constituent yet discordant parts, lies the secret of the change between her past and present policy, the hesitation and caution of her action at the present moment. For years the government of Austria has been most despotic and traditionary, the nobility of its German capital most proud and exclusive, all lesser nationalities being held of no account. The Cabinet, too, of Vienna maintained a preponderating influence over the intricacies of European politics, now it finds its hands fully occupied with the regulation of its own internal affairs, in face of popular disturbances, parliamentary struggles, and an outspoken press. Already has it acknowledged the necessity of changing itself into a dualistic kingdom; possibly it may find itself converted into a system of federations. The Empire of Austria has successively absorbed a variety of numerous, powerful, and mutually jealous races, which so far from having been vanquished and fused together for all time to come, are each and all reviving and bestirring themselves, and, setting their own private interests above their common patriotism, demand each one for itself independence, if not domination. The difficulties of the Government are how to satisfy claimants contending for the restoration of their several institutions, usages, privileges, and religious worship, and for the adoption of their particular tongue as the official language of the State in directing their own affairs. The Government has also to avert the danger of each race appealing to some external power or other for assistance and protection, and thus leading to fresh complications both at home and abroad.

In order to understand the exact way in which this conflict of nationalities affects the policy of the Cabinet, or even to follow the general history of the country, it is necessary to glance at the present numerical forces, and then at the origin and progress of the different races which it has to govern. Apart from its Italian provinces, Austria has for long considered herself a purely German State. This disguise of the

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truth she has partially cast off, acknowledging the widespread Magyar element among her subjects, and representing herself to be an Austro-Hungarian Empire. Yet such distribution is most false, as the official census of the Empire candidly discloses. Out of a population numbering 36,000,000 inhabitants in the year 1869, 16,900,000 are named as Slavs, 9,000,000 as Germans, 5,500,000 Magyars, 2,900,000 Roumanians, 600,000 Italians and Ladins, 1,300,000 Jews, Tzigans, &c. Nor is the numerical inferiority of the Germans to the Slavonian population less marked even within the Grand Duchy itself and the western portion of the kingdom, for there the proportion gives 7,000,000 Germans to 14,000,000 Slavs, besides 1,600,000 mixed nationalities, embracing Italians, Roumanians, and Jews. Again, in the Hungarian portion of the Empire, which owns Pesth for its capital, the total of 10,000,000 inhabitants balances a very slight preponderance of 4,700,000 Magyars by 2,900,000 Slavs, 1,280,000 Germans, and 1,280,000 Roumanians. Nor do we improve the claims of Austria to have a simply dualistic government by taking in the whole country across the Leitha, and including Transylvania, Croatia, Slavonia, and Banat, for there we find 5,500,000 Magyars allowed to be the nominal rulers of 8,000,000 inhabitants of other nationalities, 1,850,000 Germans, 2,400,000 Roumanians, 3,000,000 Slavs, and 600,000 Jews and Tzigans. After giving the above figures, it is certainly difficult to account for the quiescence of the Slavonic population, in spite of the overwhelming majority which it bears over either the German or the Magyar races. Of this phenomenon many explanations have been given. The most evident and prominent of these is the absence of that principle of union which welds together and strengthens Germans as well as Magyars. Living as the Slavs do in different parts of the country, descending from their common origin through different channels, following out different interests, and jealous of each other in the pursuit of these they disarm the fears in some measure, while they increase the political difficulties of their rulers. From the Slav stem have sprung forth three main branches, each yielding several offshoots. Thus for the first branch we have the Czechs, Moravians, and Slovaks; for the second we have Poles and Ruthenians; while the third branch divides itself into Croates, Serbs, and Slovenes, without, however, much distinction between them. We have hinted at their local separation as one cause of their want of unity of action. As many as 5,000,000 of the Czechs help to people Bohemia, Moravia, and

Silesia, besides 2,000,000 Slovaks settled in the north of Hungary; 3,000,000 Poles, and an equal number of Ruthenians, separated from the ancient kingdom of Poland, occupy Galicia; and to the south 3,000,000 Serbo-Croatians inhabit Croatia, Slavonia, Dalmatia, with part of Istria, in addition to whom 1,200,000 Slovenes are spread through Carinthia, Carniola, and parts of Styria and Istria. If we now take into account the relative position of these Austro-Hungarian branches of the great Slav family with respect to the other large groups of the same race, namely of the Poles distributed between Russia, Prussia, and Austria, the Wends, lying partly in Prussia and partly in Saxony; the Bulgarians, Serbs, and Croates unequally divided through Austria, Turkey, Montenegro, and Serbia; and lastly of the 52,000,000 Slavs, who make Prussia the heart and strength of their whole national existence, then we can form some idea of the dislocation and disunion perpetually threatening the interior constitution of the Empire, and the constant anxiety of the Government to control, as far as possible, the natural tendency towards external fraternization or embroilment. We must excuse much of the hesitation observable of late in Austrian tactics when we reflect on the gravity of the perils which beset her, and mark in how great a degree neutrality is her safest policy.

Of the different nationalities composing the Austrian Empire antiquity, importance, education, and refinement claim the foremost place for the German type, with Vienna for its highest ideal, and the House of Hapsburg for its chief representative and support. There exists a true loyalty and even attachment to the dynasty and to the person of their sovereign, yet this feeling extends but little beyond the capital, it does not attain to even the limits of the Archduchy. Nay, in Vienna itself patriotic zeal is little known; it must yield place to pleasure, to money-making, to the study of national opinion as inspired at Berlin, for the mind of the *élite* and of the educated classes turns to Prussia as its intellectual home, and their perpetual dream is the perfect reunion of the whole German-speaking race, and the adoption of Berlin as the common capital for united Germany.

At the opposite and eastern side of the Austrian dominions stands a province cherishing its aspirations and tending to its particular point of attraction, but in a very different direction. Even so late as 1772 Galicia, as comprising the Duchy of Halicz and Ruthenia, formed part of the ancient kingdom of

Poland. When Maria Teresa consented to its appropriation to Austrian territory, under the colour of the rights of the crown of Stephen over the Duchy of Halicz, she accepted the gift with tears, instinctively anticipating the future embarrassment which it would cause to Austria. Gladly in 1809 did Galicia see itself amalgamated with the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and bitterly did it visit on all parties concerned its enforced return to the rule of the House of Hapsburg. Galicia is Polish only in part, and as to the higher classes, in a still greater degree is it Slavonic of the Ruthenian type, formerly identified with Poland, as long as Poland embraced both Volhynia and the Ukraine. This divergence of race and religion causes fresh complication, for it draws Galicia two ways. The whole attraction of the Ruthenians, since the annexation of their brethren in Volhynia and the Ukraine to Russia, is now directed towards that power so analogous in race and religion to themselves. The Galician nobleman, more learned, more energetic, and as truly Catholic as any aristocracy in Europe, turns his eye likewise towards Russian territory, but with a directly opposite motive. He would fain help his compatriots of Vilna and of Warsaw in their fitful and hopeless struggle against the colossal Muscovite, and by his success in organizing insurrections and raising up enemies on every side, greatly harasses both the Court at St. Petersburg and the Cabinet of Vienna. The latter bears to him all the hatred of a German, and spares no pains to thwart his plans, and even to stir up the Ruthenian peasantry against him. In fact, in her policy against a race which she dislikes she has over-reached herself, for the Polish nobles attribute to home influence the brigandage that in 1846 desolated Galicia; and during the insurrection of the Russian Poles in 1863, Austria suddenly detached herself from her diplomatic cooperation with France and England in behalf of Poland, and closing for the first time all possible retreat across her borders, eventually handed over the Polish insurgents to the vengeance of the Russian Government. But while thus profoundly exasperating her own subjects against herself, Austria little foresaw that she would have to look to Galicia for help in checking Slavonic proclivities towards Russia. After Sadowa Galician influence became of far greater consequence to home government, and had the Galicians followed the lead of the Czechs and the Moravians in absenting themselves from the elections, or in refusing to send their representatives to vote in the Reichsrath, the Cabinet of Vienna would never have

carried through the measure of a combined Government. It was then that Austria made a virtue of necessity, and while, in the person of her gracious Empress she paid court to the chief families of noble rank in Galicia, she accorded to them the more solid favours of a large proportion of seats in the higher assembly, an increased number of votes in the Chamber of Deputies, together with the appointment of a sort of minister to represent the interests of Galicia within the Cabinet itself. These concessions have greatly propitiated Galicia, and have led to an alliance which is of the nature of a compromise, and is therefore very conditional and precarious, and liable to be broken up were the slightest European disturbance to draw together again the several members of the old Polish kingdom.

But such complications of divergent interests as we have yet described is nothing compared with the confused meshes of rival interests and nationalities existing in the south and south-eastern provinces of the Empire. On the side of Styria, where the German tongue prevails, lies Carinthia combining the Tuscan with the Slovene elements, and beneath this Carniola, amongst whose Slovene populations Germans are interspersed. Southward again comes Istria on the Adriatic, which is Slovene on its coast line, but has on its inland frontier a composite race, half Roumanian, half Italian. In the Tyrol the northern slopes of the Alps and the higher valleys through which the Adige flows are peopled with Germans, but Italians fill the lower valleys and the southern slopes of the district of the Trent. Hitherto the Italian race has been but slightly represented in Austria, but its rapid growth and energy of development is a new source of danger both to the German, which it excels in sobriety, activity, and versatility, and to the Slavonic which it outstrips in shrewdness and foresight; and this danger menaces Austria equally on the side of the Tyrol and along the shores of the Adriatic, where formerly the Italians held possession. Were Austria to lose Trieste she would yield up her sole maritime outlet of sufficient importance to be of any real use to her.

The principality of Roumania is a still more complete national creation, effected within the last thirty years. The Roumanians must not be compared with those races which use the old Roman and Ladin dialects, and which, though still strong in the Swiss districts of the Grisons and the Engadine, are rapidly dying out from their former settlements in the Tyrol and Friule. The life of the Roumanians as a nation is in the future, though they first struck their roots into the soil round

the banks of the Danube long ago. They seem to have sprung from an admixture of Roman colonists with the indigenous tribes inhabiting Dacia during the reigns of the Antonines. Surviving the inroads of Huns and Avars, of Bulgarians, Serbs, and Turks, they not only preserved their individuality intact, but handed it on in patient waiting until, in these days, they have wakened up out of their indifference to claim and assert their autonomy with a resoluteness and success which will make them formidable enemies. The substitution of the title of Roumania for the two provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia marked their first pretensions to independence. Along the frontiers of Roumania, however, are grouped compact bodies of the same race in Transylvania and in Hungary, in Bessarabia and Buckowine; and of the 5,000,000 which these help to form we have accredited Austro-Hungary with about 3,000,000. It is not merely their ever-increasing numbers which are likely to embarrass the freedom of the Government in their regard, but still more the importance and formidable character of the portion of the kingdom which they occupy. We may say that the very key of the Lower Danube is in the hands of the Roumanians, for Transylvania is a vast plain closed in on three sides by the Carpathian range, that towards Russia and Roumania points only its bristling rocks and inaccessible defiles, while it sweeps down into the Hungarian plains with gently descending slopes. It may be the Magyar's boast that he has placed the highest points, the chief outworks of this strong natural citadel, under the worthy guardianship of his trustiest, bravest friends, the Szeklers, descendants of Attila; but round about them, as round a sea-girt island, swells and mounts higher and higher the advancing tide of the Roumanian race. Its progress indeed is as noiseless and insinuating as the gently pushing wave, for where the individual Roumanian youths offer themselves to be shepherds or farm servants they adopt the language of their employer, but as soon as they can plant a family in some Serbian village of Hungary, this spreads the seeds of a new colony and adds its quota to the onward Roumanian movement, till the neighbourhood round it is more or less Roumanized. Their unwillingness or inability to acquire a foreign language helps them on; they hold that it is for others to learn their language if these would converse with them, and thus they compel Magyars, and Slavs, and Germans alike to learn the Roumanian tongue. But their virtue of patient, persevering endurance renders them as much service; while the natural grace and beauty of their women

have given occasion to the Serbian proverb: "From the moment that a Wallachian enters the house, the whole family becomes Wallachian." It is in full accord with this national ambition to spread and consolidate itself that the Roumanian should watch with interest the dangerous partitioning of the Empire into a monarchy partly Austrian and partly Hungarian, and decide on claiming that there should be at least a triple division of rule. But there remains another danger in the fact that the spirit of brotherhood will draw them to desire annexation to the Roumanians of the Principality, and to form with them one grand and independent Roumania.

Sufficiently grave as is the anticipation of future trouble for its Roumanian population, the attitude of the Slavs is still more serious. Neither will those in the north nor those of the south accept any other than a distinct and personal union with Austria, and if this be not some time granted they will have no hesitation in separating themselves altogether, not however with the view of seeking any foreign alliance, but of forming a state by themselves within Austrian territory. Indeed, although the chief bulk of the Slav population is gathered round about Austria proper, they are grouped together in sufficient numbers in the more distant parts to justify their claim to a second division, somewhere to the south of Hungary. They have on their side the strong argument of antiquity and first possession. Long before the Archduchy of Austria existed, before ever the Magyars showed their face in central Europe, the Slavs had inundated almost the whole present territory of the Empire, and had penetrated still further west. Like the Roumanians they were naturally men of peace, content to be tillers of the ground, and to lead a simple, unambitious life. Rather than resist the aggressiveness of the original occupants of each country which they filled, they became according to their locality vassals of the Scythians, Sarmatians, and Romans, and sought a refuge for awhile from the Huns amongst the mountain passes of the Carpathians.

Towards the commencement of the sixteenth century the tide returned to flow along the banks of the same rivers—the Danube, the Elbe, and the Vistula; and when Charlemagne delivered them from the domination of the Avars, he at the same time imposed the full weight of his authority upon them, and invested them with the halo of their generic name of Slav, which, so far from reminding them of that spirit of slavishness to which they are naturally somewhat prone, points out to

them in their own language the glory that might be before them. This significance of their name the Serbs carried out in asserting their independence, and the reciprocal hate between Slav and German gave birth to the free principality of Moravia, which in 871 obtained the allegiance of other tribes, and extended its limits to the Theiss and the Drave. But along the same course which they themselves and so many others of the depopulators of Europe had traversed, the Magyars followed after a while upon their footsteps to check their prosperity, break up their unity, and reign instead of the Moravian Empire. Far removed in the past as these events undoubtedly are, they are not without their influence in modifying and explaining much of the modern national feeling. Of the scattered branches of the old dominion three alone preserved for some years their independence. These were Croatia and Serbia on the south, and in the north the kingdom of Bohemia. At length Serbia rose once more and recovered its freedom, then spread its influence around, conquered Hungary amongst other countries, and constituted itself in the sixteenth century an ephemeral empire, whose chief seat was Old Serbia, till Solymán the Magnificent quenched its existence. Far inferior to Serbia in power and in extent, yet more nearly affecting the political history of Austria, Croatia followed in its wake as one of several small independent states lying between the Adriatic and the banks of the Danube and the Save. The close of the tenth and the beginning of the eleventh century was the chief period of Croatian ascendancy. What the Carpathian range was to Transylvania the natural boundary formed by the rivers Drave and Save was to Croatia, but defended by these she passed beyond them into what is now Turkish Croatia and Bosnia, and next took possession of Dalmatia. When the line of the national dynasty became extinct, then the government took a step which has all along embroiled it with Hungarian politics. As the twelfth century began, the country offered the throne to Ladislaus, King of Hungary, and established between the two countries an impossible contract, whereby was to be preserved an external, personal, even-handed reciprocity. In 1527 the Diet of Croatia elected Ferdinand of the House of Hapsburg; in 1712 it accepted the Pragmatic Sanction. The code of public law secured independence to this act; its pledge and representative was the *Ban* or Viceroy, resident at Agram, and invested with an authority which extended even to the power of convoking the Diet. The nation's representative was to be

chosen from the highest ranks of the State, its honour was centred in its own individual flag, its unfettered authority maintained in its own national seal, and its interests watched over by the right of sending at any time special delegates to Vienna.

As might have been expected, the novel attempt did not work, violations of the contract were frequent, and came from the side of Hungary; but from the moment that Croatia along with Hungary passed under the sceptre of the Hapsburgs the last vestige of her autonomy disappeared. She could not reclaim against Hungary, when that country was herself equally despoiled of her liberties; a common oppressor silences the disputes, and often makes partial friends of the fiercest mutual enemies. But a new day has dawned for Hungary, on which justice has been allowed to combine with the exigencies of the case in restoring the separate royalty of St. Stephen. And Croatia may well claim that a new day should also have dawned for her, and that her past history should be acknowledged; while she renews the popular songs of the Illyria of Slavonic times, and revives those feelings of kindred which draw her to fraternize with the other branches of her own race. By substituting German for the old Slavonic names of districts and of towns the Cabinet of Vienna has in vain attempted to disguise the fact that of the 1,960,000 inhabitants of the Kingdom of Croatia almost 1,914,000 are Slavs; the attempt is singularly thwarted by the exertions of historic societies, the establishment of a grand national university, and a patriotic literature which collects the songs of the different Slavonic families, and classes together the various provincial dialects. How greatly must such a movement tend to weaken the effect of the intellectual superiority of the German race. It was well for the permanence of the Austrian Monarchy that Hungary had begun yet more to irritate the Croates by indications of a design to absorb their territory into the future Hungarian State, for had the Slavs of the south in the conflict of 1848 joined common cause with Hungary, or even held themselves aloof from action, matters would have been far worse for Vienna. As it was, Croatia deserves the credit of having saved the Austrian crown. Thanks, of course, she received, and valueless favours, but she was sacrificed to the jealousy of the Magyars and to the principle of a dualistic government. She was even refused leave to send a representative to the coronation of the King of Hungary; she was required to vote away at Agram her right to separate

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rule, and when she resisted her national existence was cancelled, and the port of Fiume occupied by Magyars in her stead. A temporary victory has been gained over her at the expense of constant insecurity and agitation, and very possibly defeat in the end.

Bohemia is the seat of the last of the three Slavonic branches within the Austrian Empire; in cause she is one with Croatia, but her grievances, and consequently her disaffection, are not so grave. The kingdom of Bohemia owes its origin to the breaking up of the old Moravian Empire, and was ruled over by a Slavonic dynasty. It always preserved close relations with Germany, both because of the wide admixture of German blood with its population, and, by reason of the peculiar circumstances in which it was placed. In 1092 Henry the Fourth, Emperor of Germany, first allowed the assumption of the royal crown by the national rules, after which Frederick the Second, in 1230, authorized the transformation of the elective monarchy into an hereditary dynasty. Thus strengthened in his position the King of Bohemia was not long in becoming one of the most powerful crowned heads in Europe, for besides being appointed an Elector of the German Empire he ruled over Lusatia, Silesia, and Moravia, together with the Archduchy of Austria and Vienna, and three times successfully invaded Hungary. In the year 1274 an ill-feeling was created between the House of Hapsburg and the royal family of Bohemia when Ottocar the Second refused to do homage to Rudolph, and was placed under the ban of the Empire; nay, the Duchy of Austria was afterwards wrested from his grasp, and he was finally defeated and slain by Rudolph in 1278. After the crown of Bohemia had passed, during the fourteenth century, into the Luxembourg family, it was in the end of the fifteenth for a short time held by the Emperor Sigismund of Hungary, on whose death in 1437 it devolved upon Albert, Duke of Austria, then elected Emperor. During the minority of Ladislaus the throne was voted to George Podiebrad, lieutenant of the Kingdom, and ultimately, in 1547, it was declared hereditary in the Imperial House of Austria, in which family it has remained to the present day, though not without the effusion of much blood. The Hussite war called forth both the national and religious passions of the Bohemians; revolt and reconciliation succeeded one another, till there was another outburst of popular indignation under the reign of the Emperor Matthias. The Thirty Year's War com-

menced in 1618, and began with the revolt of Bohemia, after which followed death, banishment, sufferings of every kind, and the extinction of the national nobility for a foreign aristocracy composed of adventurers; the Bohemian language was replaced by an enforced use of the German, and the national literature was destroyed. A silence as of death then settled down on the country during two centuries, until new life and action lightened up the scene, and the spirit that was long crushed out by the prohibition of their own very language has been once more awakened by its returning use. The more the Czechs studied their native tongue, the more convinced were they of its genuine Slavonic origin; the more they examined into their history, the more unmistakeable were the proofs before them of their own affinity with the whole Slav race. With this conviction revived all their aversion for German domination, none the less embittered by the thought that on the same ground side by side with scarcely two millions of Germans they counted their 3,300,000 at least.

The revolution, therefore, of 1848 found the Bohemians ripe for a fresh explosion. A popular assembly at Prague demanded the relief of the peasantry and the union of Moravia, Silesia, and Bohemia under one common administration; in fact, they asked for the restitution of what had been taken from them, and the extension to them of the terms now granted to Hungary. Had they stopped here they would more truly have deserved success. Unfortunately they abandoned the Emperor when forced to retire to Innsbrück, established a provisional government, and convoked a Slav assembly which appealed to the nations of Europe, and called for a general congress. All these unjustifiable and grossly imprudent measures sealed their fate by awakening alarm and opposition, and driving the Court to turn a deaf ear at once to the wiser and sounder reforms proposed afterwards by M. Palacky to the Assembly convoked by the Emperor. Matters were not mended when, in 1860, Count Beust reorganized the Empire on a basis of dualism from which Bohemia was rigorously excluded, and fresh indignation was aroused by such a manipulation of the election of deputies as gave only half the number elected to two-thirds of the whole population, comprising the highest and the lowest classes. From these facts it is not difficult to see why a modified antagonism has grown into a dangerous and deadly mutual hatred.

J. G. M'L.

Eternal Punishment.

ANY one conversant with the current literature on Future Punishment must have remarked that most of the writers direct their attention, not so much to the dogma of endless punishment, as to certain unauthorized additions which the popular belief is supposed to have joined on to the dogma. It may be doubted whether the popular belief, at least within the Catholic Church, does so fully accept these additions; common sense has a wonderful power in restraining exaggerations where a solid kernel of truth is firmly held by Divine faith. Much more progress would have been made if the controversy had been confined to the authorized belief and teaching of the Catholic Church regarding the central point, the endless punishment of the damned. After all, the many opinions now put forth are either corruptions or negations of the Creed of the Catholic Church.

As to the belief of the Catholic Church there can be no uncertainty: she teaches that all who die in the state of grievous sin incur endless punishment. This is the *whole* of the defined belief of the Catholic Church, as will be explained more fully directly; but this much is professed with unmistakeable clearness in the Athanasian Creed, taken for granted in the Liturgy, and held undoubtingly by the body of the faithful.

The Rev. F. N. Oxenham, a clergyman of the Church of England, has published a pamphlet under the title *Everlasting Punishment. Is the popular doctrine de fide? And, if not, is it true?*¹ The title may have a meaning, if by popular doctrine is understood that which is taught in the Church of England; but if by "popular doctrine" is understood the common belief of Catholics, the question answers itself. Every doctrine which can be called popular in the Catholic Church—i.e.,

¹ This writer must be carefully distinguished from H. Nutcombe Oxenham, the author of *Catholic Eschatology and Universalism*, an able treatise written from the Catholic point of view.

described as held by the body of the faithful—is certainly *de fide*; what the body of the faithful accepts as revealed truth, is proved by the fact of their acceptance to have been revealed; the *consensus fidelium* is acknowledged to be one of the *fontes fidei*.

Perhaps the author rather intended to raise the question whether the Catholic Church had ever *defined* the article of endless punishment to be *de fide*. He denies that Origen, who held the opinion of Universalism, was ever condemned for this opinion. The best authorities are against Mr. Oxenham on the point; but it is not necessary to discuss his arguments. The Fourth Lateran Council, A.D. 1215, in a solemn profession of faith, cap. *Firmiter*, declares its belief in Jesus Christ—*Venturus in fine sæculi, judicaturus vivos et mortuos, et redditurus singulis secundum opera sua, tam reprobis quam electis; qui omnes cum suis propriis resurgent corporibus, quæ nunc gestant, ut recipiant secundum opera sua, sive bona fuerint, sive mala; illi cum diabolo pœnam perpetuam et isti cum Christo gloriam sempiternam.*—"Who will come at the end of the world, to judge the living and the dead, and to give to each according to his works, to the reprobate as well as the elect; who all shall rise with the bodies they now have, to receive according to their works, as they shall have been good or bad; the former endless punishment with the devil, the latter everlasting joy with Christ."

The Council of Trent likewise² pronounces anathema on such as reject the contrition founded "on the law of eternal blessedness and the eternal damnation which he [who is in grievous sin] has incurred."

However, as the majority of the writers on Future Punishment admit the *consensus fidelium* in the Catholic Church to be clearly on the side of endless punishment, we may turn to certain principles, partly derived from reason, partly from revelation, by which the belief in endless punishment is preserved and guarded.

We may put first the right of the Creator to place his rational creatures in a state of trial, to demand their obedience, to reward their obedience, and to chastise disobedience and rebellion. Society is held together by the acknowledged claims of kings, parents, and masters to the obedience of subjects, children, and servants; honour and service are due to each; and at times such service involves great sacrifices of wealth, of

² Sess. xiv. can. 5, *De Penitentia*.

liberty, perhaps even of life. The true source of these claims is that kings and parents and masters represent in part the authority of God; they convey to men and guard many blessings in the social order. Yet what title to sovereignty can be compared to that which the relation of Creator confers on Almighty God? The dependence of the creature is absolute, it endures at every moment, it follows in every action, he cannot think, or speak, or act; he cannot breathe, he cannot move without the *concursus* of the First Cause. Our reason may be lost in wonder that God should condescend to require the service of His creature, but reason can never deny His right to it.

The sovereignty of God is indeed most absolute; but in the trial of life it may be much insisted on that "His commandments are not heavy."³ He requires of us to 'live according to the dictates of our reason; He forbids the indulgence of our passions; He commands us to respect the property, the person, the life of our neighbour; He claims for Himself our worship: "Thou shalt adore the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." His commandments, with all the drawbacks of man's wickedness, are the mainstay of all true happiness to individuals, and of all stability in human society. What might man have become, what might have been the happiness and perfection of human society, had man obeyed His Creator! The golden age would have realized the dream of the poet and the philosopher.

The inclinations of our fallen nature do create difficulties for us; the natural cravings for those objects which are necessary for human life, or which satisfy its reasonable wants, are apt to become inordinate, and place us in opposition to the law of God; but the teaching of the Catholic Church reminds her children that supernatural strength is given to all that they may be preserved from transgressing the commandments; it encourages them to pray for such help, telling them God will not give a stone to His child who begs for bread, that He will give everything to importunity in prayer.

Nay, so far does Catholic teaching render the observance of the commandments practically possible to every one, that it has enshrined as a first principle in the account of God's dealings, the axiom, "*Facienti quod in se est Deus non denegat operem*," to the human being who does what he can on his part, God will never be wanting. And this axiom is extended to

³ 1 St. John v. 3.

all—to Christians, to believers, to unbelievers, to savages, to the ignorant. Let every one act up to the light he has, according to the best of his power—God will never be wanting to him.

Cardinal de Lugo only expresses the common conviction of Catholic theologians when he says that at the Last Day all who are lost will be compelled to confess that they have been lost through their own fault;⁴ that they might have been easily saved; that others with the same or even with fewer helps have been saved. In short, the belief of Catholics recognizes the precepts of God as easy of observation; it confesses that abundant graces are granted to all; it sees in sin the act of the sinner, for which he is fully and entirely responsible.

Further, Catholic belief attributes to God unbounded mercy; the hour of mercy ends only with the moment of death. "If the wicked do penance for all his sins which he hath committed, and keep all My commandments, and do judgment and justice, living he shall live, and shall not die."⁵ However numerous, however grievous the sins of the past, the Catholic holds they can and will be forgiven, if the sinner truly repent. The last moments of life, as eternity hangs upon them, are held to be moments often of special mercy and special grace. The old ballad which sings of the wounded rider who,

Between the saddle and the ground
For mercy asked and mercy found,

does not exaggerate the Catholic trust in the mercy of God down to the very last moment of man's life.

A third principle of Catholic teaching is found in the distinction drawn between mortal and venial sins. This distinction has been to a great extent effaced from the minds of Protestants, who at one time made all sins mortal, and now incline to pronounce all sins venial: in the former mood they rejected Purgatory, in their present mood a loud-tongued party rejects endless punishment.

In the faith of Catholics mortal sin forfeits the friendship of God, it provokes His wrath, it excludes from Heaven, it incurs the punishment of Hell. Not so venial sin: this displeases God, but does not forfeit His friendship. The soul cannot enter Heaven, if guilty of venial sin, until she has been

⁴ The Cardinal is speaking of adults alone. The case of infants who die without baptism is altogether distinct, and cannot be treated here.

⁵ *Ezekiel* xviii. 21.

purified in the flames of Purgatory; but she does not incur the punishment of Hell. Mortal sin causes the death of the soul, the loss of its supernatural life, the forfeiture of its claim to the Beatific Vision. Venial sin does not kill the soul: venial sin may be more easily pardoned than mortal.

This is not the place to draw out what constitutes in all cases the grievousness of sin; enough for our purpose is the fact that certain sins are known in the Catholic Church as mortal, and that such sins only incur endless punishment.

Now the Catholic Church teaches that for a grievous or mortal sin there must be on the part of the sinner full knowledge and full deliberation. Hence the heinousness of mortal sin: it is a deliberate act of rebellion on the part of a rational creature against his Creator. It is *aversio a Creatore, conversio ad creaturam*: it is rebellion against the Creator, and desertion to His enemies. He who commits a mortal sin, would, if he could, cast God down from His throne, and place the enemy of God, the rival of God in the sinner's heart, on the throne of the Most High. The sinner transfers his homage and service from the Creator to some creature, and adores that creature as his God.

Adam had heard the threat "in what day soever thou shalt eat of it thou shalt die the death."⁶ Adam disobeyed his Maker and ate of the forbidden fruit. Deliberately, wilfully, with full knowledge he defied the power of God; he spurned the supernatural life of his soul, the gift of grace with all the privileges annexed to it; he renounced the friendship of God and chose death rather than life. Every one who commits a grievous sin makes the same choice, hurls the same defiant rebellion at his God, *non serviam*—"I will not obey;" incurs the same spiritual death, and if his natural life is cut short while he is yet impenitent, he incurs, as the inevitable consequence, the eternal death of endless punishment.

The malice of sin, if we may trust certain modern guides, is to be estimated chiefly from the physical punishments it entails on the sinner or the miseries it causes to others. Certainly the loss of health, the weakening of the faculties in the sinner, poverty, misery, contention in families, are sad to contemplate; yet more sad must be the perversion of the soul, the clinging to falsehood and error, the growing hatred of truth, the hardening of the will, the hideous effects of each

⁶ Genesis ii. 17.

particular passion on the affections: these effects of sin convey some idea of the malice of grievous sin. But they do not reveal the radical malice of mortal sin, the upsetting of all right order when the creature refuses obedience to the Creator and answers to His most just, most beneficent command, *non serviam*—"I will not obey."

Reason quickly enough grasps the idea that there is some serious *deordinatio*—upsetting of right order—in mortal sin, but it fails to understand the extent of that *deordinatio* until it learns that for one such mortal sin, the mere *non serviam*, the very essence of every sinful act, numbers of the angels were cast into Hell; and that for one such mortal sin our first parents were deprived of the privileges and happiness of the earthly paradise.

Whoever accepts these two facts of revelation is prepared for the lesson that those who die in mortal sin incur endless punishment: the claims of God are so absolute, the obedience of the creature is so entirely due to his Maker, the commandments are so completely within the reach of man, the helps are so many, the reward of obedience is so incomprehensible, the Divine mercy is so benign, so long-suffering, the consequences of disobedience are so plainly made known, reason cannot say that endless punishment is cruel or exceeds the demerits of mortal sin.

Many do indeed assert that the endless punishment of any human being, or indeed of any being, for any act, however wicked, however deliberately committed, shocks reason, and what is called the moral feeling. Catholics and all who believe in the endless punishment of those who die in mortal sin cannot admit this contradiction of reason: a contradiction to reason, which the overwhelming majority of Christians have failed to see, must rest on the imagination or the wishes of those who insist so confidently upon it.

As the main point under consideration is whether the doctrine of endless punishment contradicts reason, let all other matters be laid aside. Let there be no question of the relative numbers of the elect and the reprobate; no question as to the character and intensity of any positive suffering, any *pœna sensus* which may be added to the *pœna damni*, the loss of the Beatific Vision; no question whether such *pœna sensus* is caused by fire, whether the fire is of the same nature as our material fire. Let the one question be—Does the doctrine of endless punishment, the irreparable loss to the wicked of the

Beatific Vision for all eternity, contradict reason? Exaggerate as you will the positive suffering, all are agreed that all such suffering dwindles into nothing when compared with the sufferings of the soul shut out for ever from the sight and enjoyment of that Creator Who is at once her first beginning and her last end. Exclude, too, the case of children, of ignorant adults, mere children in mind, of the heathen world; limit the dispute to adult well-instructed Christians who grievously transgressed the law of God with full knowledge and died wilfully impenitent. Does reason plainly see the contradiction in the endless punishments of one, or even of many such offenders?

Undoubtedly the thought of an eternity dragging its weary course along in endless separation from the Sovereign Good is a very fearful one; the bitterness of remorse, the hopelessness of the despair are terrible to think upon. But reason admits the terrible evil of mortal sin, the wicked malice of disloyalty against the Creator and desertion to His enemies. Reason is forced to confess that the separation is not so much the positive act of Almighty God as the act of the sinner. At the Last Day the Judge will pronounce the doom, "Depart from Me!" but the sinner had deliberately made his choice, he had preferred his own will to the will of his Creator, evil to good, death to life, separation from the Sovereign Good to endless happiness with Him: he had deliberately rejected God as his God—God leaves him to his choice.

That God should have permitted moral evil, grievous sin, in the world is a difficulty to reason; but the possibility of moral evil is the inevitable consequence of that liberty which God has given to men during this life, and reason easily discovers liberty to be a precious gift. Many have abused it, but many have made a right use of it. How liberty sweetens and ennobles our pilgrimage here! Many abusing it have sunk into the depths of degradation! How many, using it wisely, have risen to glorious purity, and from evil to glorious heroism of virtue in the natural order! How many servants of God have copied the Man-God in a degree of perfection which reason could not have conjectured to be attainable by human nature! The ideas of liberty, probation, merit and demerit, rewards and punishments, are so inseparably mixed up with all human life in this world, that reason cannot discover any contradiction when God reveals His will of continuing a scheme founded on these

same ideas through all eternity. Nay, it may be said, reason most readily accepts such a revelation, it leads us to expect it; it would be shocked if a scheme on different or contrary principles were to succeed in eternity the scheme which had been commenced in time. A period of probation, during which the service demanded from the free rational creature, who is immortal by nature, is neither beyond his strength nor beyond the wealth of mercy and grace in the midst of which he works out his probation, followed by a final judgment awarding endless happiness with God to the loyal and faithful, and endless separation from God to the disloyal and rebellious, in the light of reason is not contrary to reason; it recommends itself to reason by its completeness, by its symmetry, by its perfect harmony with the traditions and principles of our earthly life. Had it pleased God to prepare for His creature a succession of probations, the probation of this life to be succeeded by a series of probations for the soul existing apart from the body, He might have instituted such an order of His providence. We are not precisely discussing the opinion of Universal Restitution or Universalism, or Restorationism, which finds so much favour with many minds in the present day; that opinion shrinks from the acceptance of endless punishment, and it fancies that ultimately all will be saved; that those who have proved unfaithful to God in this life will pass through a course of progressive purification and development, and finally appear at the Last Day worthy to receive the sentence, "Come ye blessed of My Father." Had God been pleased to establish this order, He could have done so; but we have no evidence that He was so pleased: all that Revelation teaches on the next world, to say the least, falls in perfectly with the Catholic belief stated above. Of the testimony of Scripture it may be maintained that not one single passage lends even a solid probability to Universalism, even if taken out of the context of the general Scripture teaching. However, at present it is not our purpose so much to challenge Universalism as to examine whether it can satisfy reason by the scheme which it proposes. We assume that human liberty is not to be extinguished in the trials of a subsequent existence: how is the purification, the progressive development of the sinner secured? He has failed in this life, where the temptations were less dangerous, less spiritual, less subtle: what ground have we for the opinion that he will not fail in the world of spirits?

The blessings of redemption were disregarded by him here below : what more merciful redemption is there to change his will hereafter ? Here the shaping of his own will depended on his own free acts ; he made himself what he was at the hour of death ; in the next world he enters on his supposed trial weighted with a perverted intellect and a perverted will : what gives the Universalist such a firm conviction that the issue will be holiness, to be rewarded by endless glory ? Throughout his earthly life sin scarred his existence, leaving deep wounds in body and soul. In time sin too often, perhaps always, creates a hell in the heart, the sinner is out of his place in God's world, he suffers the penalty of a disjointed limb : what provision is there to put him in his place in the next world ? Where is the punishment for the transgressions of his earthly career ? The sinner dies an enemy of his Creator : how does he pass over without act of his own, or by what act of his own, to the friendship he has spurned ? Experience of this life bears out the conviction that the will becomes more and more hardened and perverted by sin : what justifies the expectation that a new form of existence will correct the perversion or bend the stubbornness ? Revelation breathes no faintest hope of such conversion in the fallen angels. St. Thomas says so little are their wills turned to God, that even in Hell they have no wish to repent. God is sometimes represented as justifying the endless punishment of Lucifer by the defence, "he has never asked to be pardoned." Who will affirm without fear of error that this representation does not truly picture the condition of the reprobate ? They deliberately chose their path ; they bear the consequences of their choice sullenly, stubbornly ; their wills are fixed unchangeably in evil ; they bear the torment of separation from their last end ; they are by their own acts incapable of recalling their rebellion. Surely this is not in contradiction with reason. Does it not rather fill up our knowledge of sin and its effects in this life ?

Suffice it to have said so much on the direct question as to the contradiction offered to reason by the dogma of eternal punishment. Some indirect confirmation of what has been urged may be drawn from external considerations. God created every thing for His own glory. Man was destined to advance the glory of his Maker by his service during the time of his earthly probation. And how much glory redounds to the Divine attributes from God's faithful servants ! How much to His love,

His bounty, His mercy, His providence! What glory to the Word Incarnate! to the Passion, Death, and Triumph of Jesus Christ! Of all this glory God is robbed by the sinner who dies in his sin. Shall it be in the power of the sinner to defeat the designs of God? May he not honour the Divine attribute of justice? So much as his glory and happiness in Heaven would have honoured God's love, so much shall his punishment honour the offended justice of God: he fled from the love of God, he falls into the arms of His justice. The happiness of the blessed is endless, it yields endless honour to God. Does reason fear to admit the possibility of Infinite Justice exacting endless separation from the Sovereign Good, the *summum bonum* of man, and extorting from unwilling rebels in their eternity the glory they deliberately refused to give by a right use of their faculties during life?

A second indirect confirmation we find in the teaching of Jesus Christ. He was gentleness itself; He was not given to exaggeration; yet how serious is His teaching on the life to come, on the woes of the lost! His language falls in with the Catholic belief, not one syllable requires to be modified. Nay, the terms employed by Him, the fire, the outward darkness, the gnashing of teeth, the worm that dieth not, furnish the strongest features in the exaggerations of popular writers and preachers; so much so, careful men will often think the exaggerations come nearer the truth taught by Christ than the vague promises of a universal restitution, or the fining down of the stern reality of grievous sin and its consequences.

Perhaps even more striking than our Lord's formal statements on future punishment are the incidental allusions which He makes to it. Take, for instance, the history of Lazarus and the rich man in St. Luke xvi. Where is the ground for thinking the rich man was ever to share the happiness of Lazarus, or for supposing the rich man hoped to rise though a series of trials to ultimate purification? What encouragement for the fond fancy that the issue of this life is other than final? How hopeless the lot of Dives!

Or go to St. Matthew xviii. 23, where the lesson of mutual forgiveness is enforced by the parable of the king who would take an account of his servants. How suggestive the contrast between the justice and the mercy of God! One servant owed him ten thousand talents, a debt practically infinite: he could not pay it, he begged for mercy, "and the lord of that servant being

moved with pity, let him go and forgave him the debt." But because the wicked servant refused to pardon his fellow-servant who owed him an hundred pence, "his lord being angry, delivered him to the torturers until he paid all the debt." All which reads very like endless, hopeless punishment.

It is said that the opinion which rejects endless punishment is not quite comforting for the hour of death. How does it fall in with the death of the Son of God? If grievous sin deserves not endless punishment, how explain the stern fact that Christ died for our sins on the Cross? Was the Incarnation required, if in any case all men were to find salvation at the Last Day? Are the impenitent thief, and the penitent thief who made such a glorious confession of the Divinity of Christ, the blasphemer and the believer, the blasphemer and the confessor to meet some day happy in the enjoyment of the same reward? Reason cannot answer affirmatively without grave misgivings.

Much weight is attached by some to the assertion that in the common belief, the great majority will be lost, which amounts to the triumph of evil over good and the defeat of Christ's redemption.

The number of the saved or lost may be left out of account; even if we allow that the majority will be lost there is no triumph of evil. There is no self-subsisting principle of evil which can be set up against God, which can be said to triumph. Evil-doers will endure endless punishment, and they do not triumph. Will not the sign of the Son of Man at the Last Day be confessed by all, sinners and saints? May not the Cross haunt the lost through all eternity? May not their sufferings in some way remind them of the redemption rejected? Further, every saint in Heaven is a real triumph of Jesus Christ; their lives of virtue, their rewards of glory are Christ's most splendid triumph. "Depart from me," "Come ye blessed of My Father," alike proclaim the triumph of Christ and the final overthrow of the wicked to the discomfiture of Satan and sin. Whether in the elect or in the reprobate, *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat—cujus regni non erit finis.*

Cardinal Allen.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

It is astonishing how little is known, even amongst educated Catholics, of Cardinal William Allen, a man to whom under Providence we are more indebted for the preservation of the faith in this country, than perhaps to any one who ever lived. I propose to give a brief narrative of his life and unceasing toil. As my only object is to stir up my fellow Catholics to the knowledge or the remembrance of all we owe to him, I shall aim at no originality of matter or manner, but quote freely from Flanagan, Reeve, Lingard, and others, grand old Lancaster Herald, Edmund Lodge, among the rest. Though a Protestant, he writes well and fairly of Cardinal Allen; but indeed we expect no less of the man who had the courage to tell us something like the truth of the great, good, and immaculate Queen Bess.

Canon Flanagan says, in his *History of the Church in England*, "Her (Elizabeth's) scheme against the old religion had to a certain extent been successful." Now this scheme of the Queen was very simple and not by any means original. It had been tried by the tyrant Severus in the third century, and again in the fourth by the apostate Julian. It is being attempted in Germany and Switzerland now—the withdrawal of all means of Catholic education. The Universities had been monopolized by the Church by law established, and in point of fact there was the simple alternative: Apostasy or Ignorance. What, then, as the few remaining priests were martyred, or died off, was to become of Catholicity in this unfortunate land? Humanly speaking, it must and would have been stamped out, but that the same omnipotent Guardian who raised up St. Ignatius to stem the pestilent course of Lutheranism, once again, in accordance with His promise, came to the aid of His suffering and much oppressed people. The champion whom He raised up for this end was Cardinal William Allen, at the mention of

whose name, every British Catholic should bow with reverence and gratitude. If with commendable patriotism, we glory in such heroes as Marlborough, Nelson, and Wellington; by as much more as purity of faith is more precious than worldly prosperity should we admire the untiring zeal of Allen, Milner, Challoner, and other Fathers of the Church in England.

William Allen was the second son of John Allen of Ross Hall, in the county of Lancashire, by Jennet, daughter of a Mr. Lyster of Westby, in Yorkshire. His grandfather was George Allen of Brook House, Staffordshire. He was born in the year 1532, when Henry the Eighth had completed his defection from the Church. He entered Oriel College, Oxford, when he was fifteen and studied under Morgan Philips, where he was so distinguished for his talents and for the rapidity and success of his studies that he was, within three years afterwards, unanimously elected a fellow of that house, and before he had reached the age of twenty-five, was chosen principal of St. Mary's Hall and one of the proctors of the University. Upon the accession of Mary 1553, he had taken his M.A. together with Thomas Harding and Nicholas Harpsfield. In 1558 he was made Canon of York. When times changed with the accession of Elizabeth, who had resolved to uphold the Protestant reformed creed, the first to abandon his preferment was Canon Allen. In 1560 he retired to the University of Louvain, and there made the acquaintance of Rastal, Harding, Saunders, and others, who were writing in defence of religion. But Allen's zeal was active. As Lodge truly says: "He seemed but to exist for the service of his Church." He returned to England ostensibly to recruit his failing health, and settled in Lancashire, where his unyielding endeavours to gather together the scattered flock soon brought upon him the notice of the magistracy, who hounded him out of the county. Knowing full well that in Oxford there were many "temporizers," his sometime fellow-proctor, and others, he went thither, and when he had calmed and settled their wavering faith, they abandoned their temporalities and retired into Flanders. Whilst at Louvain, Allen wrote a *Treatise on Purgatory* against Jewell. In Oxfordshire he published in the English language, the works which he had printed in Louvain, *Defence of the lawful power and authority of the Priesthood to remit sins. Of the Confession of Sins to God's Ministers. The Church's Meaning concerning Indulgences, commonly called Pope's Pardons.* He was compelled to leave

Oxford and for some time was concealed by the family of the Duke of Norfolk. With them he remained three years, and composed his *Certain Brief Reasons Concerning Catholic Faith*. Having by the cogency of his arguments and mild winning manner gained over to the Church a young gentleman of some consideration, he was prosecuted with the utmost rancour by the relations of his convert, who were zealous reformers. He found means to escape and quitted England for Flanders, never more to return. This was in 1565. He was made Professor of Theology, first at Mechlin and afterwards in the new University of Douay. After spending about two years at Mechlin, he went to Rome accompanied by his old master, Morgan Philips, and Dr. J. Vendeville, royal Professor of Canon Law, in the University of Douay. An accidental discourse suggested the idea of founding an English College at Douay, to keep up the supply of missionaries in that country. Dr. Allen affirmed that it would be an act of singular service to the Church if some persons of zeal and ability would employ their purse and labours to accomplish so laudable an undertaking. This conversation made a deep impression on the mind of Dr. Vendeville, and the idea gradually ripened till circumstances occurred to bring it to perfection. Some short time after this, Mr. Allen received an invitation from Dr. Vendeville to come to Douay and finish his academical degrees, with an assurance of friendship and assistance. "A great number of young Englishmen," says Canon Flanagan, "were at this time pursuing their studies, each according to his own plan, in various parts of Belgium. Allen was struck by the disadvantage of such a system. Could these youths be drawn together into one College, and trained to public exercises under the guidance of Superiors, how much more exact would be their knowledge; how much better formed their character."

Allen being now settled at Douay at once determined to give form and life to designs long meditated in silence. He saw clearly that, if once priests were ordained, there would be no lack of candidates for martyrdom in England. In 1568 he invited the English students, dispersed through several of the Universities of France and Flanders to come to Douay, that forming a compact community, they might by their joint efforts, commence the undertaking. Morgan Philips advanced money for the purchase of a convenient house. Those who originally engaged in the work were Richard Bristow, "noted," says Wood "for his acute parts," Edward Risdon, John Marshall, John

White, Jeremy Collier, and Philip Raycostian. Afterwards there came Dr. Baily, Dr. Webb, Thomas Stapleton, Ford, Robinson and Gregory Martin, the chief translator of the Rheims Testament. "The University already existing, incorporated within itself the new College. The Seminary which they thus founded, although in some degree adapted to their peculiar circumstances, was modelled on the whole, upon the direction of the Council of Trent (A.D. 1568). Being, however, intended for the laity as well as ecclesiastics, it required some modification. This peculiarity, as well as the great variety resulting from the dissonance of habits and associations in persons of every age and rank, and of every part of England, must have thoroughly tested both the ability and virtue of the President. Firm, yet sweet and affable, Allen triumphed over every difficulty and by the testimony of Pitts, appears to have won every heart. His very appearance was prepossessing; he was little above the middle size, was handsome in countenance, and in every movement of tongue and person, was calm, modest, and cheerful. When his method of governing became known, young men of every class were anxious to become his subjects."¹

Thus was established this Seminary, which amid many vicissitudes still flourished at the time of the execrable French Revolution; when its peaceful inmates were dispersed, and the building became, first a military hospital, and afterwards a manufactory.

Meantime, Dr. Vendeville prevailed on the rich monasteries of St. Vedastus in Arras, Marchiennes, and Anchiennes, to contribute liberally towards the support of the daily increasing institute. Dr. Allen, having regulated all hours of study, religious duties, and so forth, began to ponder how he might be still more serviceable. Within three months he passed through his first, second, and third Acts of Bachelor of Divinity, under Dr. Galen, Chancellor of the University. On January 31, 1570, he was made Licentiate of Divinity and in the same year, Royal Professor, with a stipend of two hundred golden crowns, which, with the Canonry of Notre Dame at Cambrai, wonderfully assisted him to carry on his arduous labours. In 1571 he completed the degree of D.D., on the same day (July 6th), with Dr. Stapleton of controversial fame. So rapid had been the increase of the College, that in a very little time the number amounted to one hundred and fifty persons. At this time

¹ Flanagan.

Dr. Allen was advised to solicit Rome for pecuniary aid, voluntary contributions being always precarious and of necessity entailing a large amount of time and trouble in collecting. Already St. Pius the Fifth had given him every encouragement, and had in the most unqualified manner applauded his undertaking.

Wherefore in 1575, armed with a common letter from the University of Douay and the neighbouring Abbots, he undertook a journey to Rome. Gregory the Thirteenth then reigning, well informed of the requirements of the Seminary and of the great advantages it would confer upon the Catholics of England, gave orders that an allowance of one hundred Roman crowns per month should be paid out of the treasury of the Holy See. This was afterwards advanced to an annual pension of two thousand crowns. But a severe trial was in store for the infant College. Douay at this period, formed a part of the Spanish Netherlands. The townsmen after some time grew jealous of their English guests, beheld them with a hostile eye, and in 1576 insisted on their expulsion. This storm threatened the establishment with utter ruin. Antwerp and other towns had already been pillaged by the populace. Now, although the Governor of Douay and the chief magistrates were perfectly satisfied with the behaviour of the English, yet the common people entertained a notion that they were spies who had come over from England under pretence of study, to devote their town to destruction. These ridiculous fears and alarms gave rise to much danger and many vexatious visits during a great part of the year 1577. After enduring this kind of intolerable surveillance for some months, for the sake of peace, and to prevent serious mischief, the College resolved to move out of the Spanish dominions. Dr. Webb, with several professors and students arrived at Rheims, March 27, 1578. The rest afterwards followed, with the exception of three persons, who kept possession of the house during fifteen years; in fact until the return of the College to Douay. Dr. Allen had sent by order of His Holiness Gregory the Thirteenth to Rome in 1576 William Holt, priest; John Atkins, deacon, and others to assist in forming an English Seminary in that city. Up to this time the College had sent fifty-two priests into the mission. The first missionary that suffered in England, and the proto-martyr of Douay, was Cuthbert Maine, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Launceston in Cornwall.

It is no part of the business of this paper to attempt to unravel the mystery of this "Revolution the Little" which drove Dr. Allen from Spanish Flanders. Various theories have been propounded. Camden, a Protestant, writing under the eye of Elizabeth, says, "Requisens, Governor of the Low Countries, had, at the intercession of Wilson the English Ambassador, removed the Earl of Westmoreland and other English out of the Netherland provinces of the Spaniards, and had dissolved (*sic*) the English Seminary at Douay." This is manifestly absurd, no records make any mention of an agreement between Elizabeth and Spain. It was indeed reported that the English agent moved for having Dr. Allen and others delivered up to the Queen, by way of preliminaries to a treaty. Others again say the Huguenots were at the bottom of it; and this seems probable. At one and the same time the poor exiled Catholics were represented at home as traitors in correspondence with Spain, and by an equal perversion of the truth, as conspiring with the French to betray the Spaniards. But their best justification is in the facts, that both the Governor and the Magistrates of Douay were so convinced of their innocence, as to give them a certificate of good behaviour at their departure, and even by a letter dated November 15, 1578, to invite them to return, before they were properly settled at Rheims. The Pope advised Dr. Allen not to accept this invitation, but to wait until the people were calmed down. These were some of the many difficulties, obstacles, and trials which this great and good man had to struggle with, and they were endured for the sake of men and women then unborn who would enjoy incomparable blessings by means of him; although nine-tenths of them would never know that such an one had ever lived and laboured for them.

Dr. Allen had now settled in his new abode at Rheims. Even the powerful protection of the great family of Guise, whom he had prevailed on to erect a College, could not place him beyond the reach of the jealous scrutiny and keen-eyed malignity of the Queen of England. But the French King, so far from imitating the mean policy of Requisens, saw with pleasure and satisfaction the institution daily augment and thrive and extend its usefulness. With all this there remained still a domestic evil to struggle against. It was no easy matter to provide for so numerous a family, numbering two hundred, either studying within its walls, or otherwise dependent on the College. This inconvenience was removed by the foundation

of the College at Rome, which relieved them of supernumeraries. "There was a small community called the English *Hospital*, founded at Rome several ages before by one of our Saxon Kings, for the purpose of affording entertainment to such pilgrims and travellers as visited the city out of devotion. Here, upon the rupture between England and the Holy See, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, several of the English, clergy and laity, were provided with lodging, diet, and other necessities. In the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Edward Kerne, formerly agent in Rome for Henry the Eighth in the cause of his divorce, refusing to return to England, was appointed master or custos of the hospital. About the time that Dr. Allen removed his College from Douay, it was in the possession of Dr. Thomas Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph, who, with about eight or nine more of Queen Mary's clergy, and two or three lay persons, made up the community. Shortly after, on the motion of Dr. Allen and Dr. Owen, Archdeacon of Cambrai, Pope Gregory the Thirteenth thought it necessary to make some alteration in this establishment; and accordingly, by a Bull dated 9 Calend. Maii, 1579, it was converted into a College for the English Clergy, His Holiness adding so liberally to the old rents that its annual revenue amounted to £1,500 sterling, which was then considered as a sufficient allowance for the maintenance of near sixty persons. Dr. Owen, who had the chief management of the business, besides procuring several benefactions towards furnishing the house with books, goods, and other necessities, spared all that he could out of his own substance to complete the establishment, and the Pope granted him the liberty of choosing a president. The person he pitched upon was Dr. Maurice Clenock, formerly Bishop-Elect in Queen Mary's days, who kept the place scarcely a year when it was given to the Italian Jesuits, and not long after to the English of the same Order, who were still obliged to employ the revenues in the education of clergymen. This College was for many years furnished with students from Douay and Rheims, and again from St. Omer's, where young men were instructed in the classics, with an obligation of supplying the Colleges at Rome, Valladolid, Seville, and others, which were founded for the benefit of the Clergy."¹

Dr. Allen was now enabled to give his great work undivided attention. He made his college a pattern of good order,

¹ Catholic Directory, 1807.

personally superintending, directing, and controlling all. He was beloved, revered, idolized by every one. His remaining years I am afraid I must hurry over. In 1579 Allen again visited Rome, to settle some differences among the students, and to entreat of the Pope that the English Jesuits might be sent to labour amongst their own countrymen. His Holiness readily granted his request, and the General of the Order despatched Campion and Parsons, with strict injunctions not to interfere in any way with politics. The history of their labours cannot be given here.

Dr. Allen returned from Rome, April 1580. The great fatigue he underwent gradually brought on several painful and dangerous infirmities. He had so severe an attack of the stone on the 27th July, 1585, that no hopes were entertained of his recovery. Being advised to try the waters of Spa, he set out for that place on the third of August, and the benefit he received was so great that he was enabled to proceed a third time to Rome, by special invitation of the Pope, who had determined on promoting him to the Cardinalate, which dignity he received 7th August, 1587, with the title of "*Sancti Martini in Montibus*." He spent the remainder of his life in the Eternal City, constantly visited by the Pope, and looked up to with deference and respect by all. In 1589 he was made Archbishop of Mechlin, and ample revenues were assigned to him. But the sedentary life he had led since 1587 brought on constant returns of his old disease, against which he struggled with characteristic fortitude, patience, and resignation. At length, after a sharp and tedious trial of sixteen days, the protector and common father of the English Catholics died of fever, in Rome, the 16th day of October, 1594, *æt* sixty-two years, and was buried in the church of the English College. Anthony Wood, a Protestant, thus summarizes the character of this great, good, and useful man—"Let writers say what they please, certain it is that he was an active man, and of great parts and high prudence; that he was religious and zealous in his profession, restless till he had performed what he had undertaken; that he was very affable, genteel, and winning, and that his person was handsome and proper, which, with an innate gravity, commanded respect from those that came near or had to do with him." Lodge adds—"His taste in literary composition was admirable. Of his Latin little need be said. The age in which he lived was ornamented by many distinguished writers in that language, and it would

have been strange indeed had not such a man appeared in the foremost rank ; but his English style was incomparable. At once dignified and simple, clear and concise, choice in terms, without the slightest affectation, and full of an impassioned liveliness, which riveted the attention, even to his gravest disquisitions ; it stood then wholly unrivalled, and would even now furnish no unworthy model. Such, however, is the weakness, and it is almost blameless, of human prejudice, that the merits of the writer were condemned to share in the abomination of his doctrines, and that an example which might have anticipated the gradual progress of nearly a century in the improvement of English prose, was rejected because he who set it was a rebel and a Papist." Cardinal Allen was ever busy with his pen in the intervals of the severer labours of his active government, and almost innumerable pamphlets and doctrinal and controversial treatises bear witness to his zeal for souls and love of England.

J. T.

*Note to the Article on Nationalism and
Catholicism.*

IN our number for May last we printed an article under the title mentioned above, in reference chiefly to the case of "Father" Curci. As the title of "Father" was applied all through that article to the distinguished priest just named, and as the application of that title to him was a departure from the common usage of all Catholic writers on his case in foreign newspapers and periodicals, as well as from his own manner of speaking of himself, the author of the article appended a note to his second page in these words—"The title Father is not given in Catholic countries to priests who are not religious, and we use in this article the term "Father" Curci, well knowing that it is not the proper title to give to the eminent person to whom we apply it ; we use it in affectionate remembrance of the many services which he rendered to the Church and the Society when it was his rightful appellation," &c.

We think that we have some right to feel surprised that a note of this kind should have been made the ground not only of hostile comment on ourselves, but of a controversy of a certain amount of heat, which has been carried on for some weeks in one of the Catholic papers—the circulation of which is not confined to Catholics. Our object was simply to explain our own departure from the common custom, and the words about Catholic countries were expressly suggested by a desire to avoid all appearance of

raising a domestic controversy. The writer had a number of Italian and French publications before him, of which he was to make free use, and he explained why in one particular point he did not follow their manner of language.

As to the statement itself, as to the use of the title of "Father" in Catholic countries, we see no reason at all for changing it. Every one knows that it is capable of exceptions: secular priests living in communities, like the Oratorians, or the Oblates of St. Charles, and many others, are commonly called "Fathers;" and in Ireland, and possibly in parts of other countries, the people speak of their parish priests under the same title. This does not interfere with the general truth of the statement, considering the purpose for which alone it was made. With regard to the other matter—whether the secular priests in this country have a "right" to the title in question, we are very sorry indeed to have given, however indirectly, an occasion for so much discussion entirely foreign to the purpose of our note. In our mind it is not a matter of right at all, but of convenience and Catholic custom. These two things generally go together; and that, we suppose, furnishes one great reason against the introduction of novelties. There is an obvious convenience in making some difference between the titles commonly given to regular priests and to secular priests, and when it is considered that the character of the priesthood is inalienable, and remains alike in those who leave religious orders, in those who abandon the use of their priestly functions, and in those who give up the faith, it might generate some confusion if the title of Father were considered as attached to the priesthood as such. In that case it would be a matter of duty to use the title, not only of "Father" Curci, but of "Father" Gavazzi or "Father" Achilli, or "Father" Hyacinth. But any amount of inconvenience would be better than a dispute about such a matter. For our own part, our friends among the secular clergy would be very much amused to be told that we had any objection to calling them Fathers when they wished so to be called. Nor have we the slightest objection to the custom among the Irish—who, we suppose, have brought it with them into England, and who owe so much to their priests that if they were to address them as the highest dignitaries are usually addressed, no one could find fault with them. It appears also that a certain number of priests do not like to be addressed as Mr. So-and-so, and can find no other appellation but that of "Father" to answer to the Italian *Abate* and the French *Abbé*. We should be sorry to see anything unworthy of the priest, whether secular or regular, in a name which is applied to both indiscriminately in books like Challoner's *Missionary Priests*, and which seems to have been in use with English Catholics among themselves in the glorious days of persecution. But if the secular clergy, as a body, like to discard it, we feel sure that no one among the regular clergy will make any objection. It is not at all a question of a title of honour, but a question of usage and convenience; not a question between regular and secular, but between secular priests among themselves.

Catholic Review.

I.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *The Church and the Gentile World.* By the Rev. Aug. J. Thébaud, S.J. In two volumes. New York: Peter F. Collier.

By the title of *The Church and the World*, which Father Thébaud has placed on the first page of his two good-sized volumes, he indicates his design of giving the widest possible signification to the Catholicity which he claims for the Church. The position of the Catholic Church in the midst of the world now is analogous to that of the Jewish Church in the midst of the nations of the Gentile world of old. The author begins by considering the present attitude of the Church in her altered situation, when the nations around no longer belong to her by faith, nor glory in the title of Christian; and he describes her as holding in respect of these a position at once firm, uncompromising, and simple. The completeness of the rupture between different States and the Church he attributes more to the principles of modern legislation than to the nations themselves, and expects that these will ultimately rebel against the ever-increasing and more open despotism of the civil power. While, on the other hand, the Church could scarcely have stronger confirmation of her Divine character, than the principle, now acknowledged and acted upon, of substituting human for Divine power, and unaided reason for heavenly guidance, in order to escape the Church's control.

Father Thébaud's main object in this work is to show that men do not sufficiently reflect on the pre-eminence which of right belongs to a spiritual body like the Church, and are guilty of folly in giving all possible attention to the comparatively petty concerns of the material states into which mankind is divided, while they close their eyes to the existence of that great society, which is a Divine organization, instituted by God to instruct us in all that concerns God, and man's soul, and its eternal interests. This Divine pre-eminence of the Church above all human institutions rests in great measure on her most true and perfect Catholicity. "At all times the Church has confronted the nations. They were all given her as an 'inheritance.' Nothing on earth can be compared to her influence. She does not belong to a state, to a nation, to a particular race. She clasps them all in her loving embrace; and whatever may be their inclination toward her, she calls them her children; and all states, all nations, all races have to come in contact

with her, whether they will or not." Combined with this principle of Catholicity is that other character of unity which is so essential to the great mystic body, whose head is Jesus Christ. And the object of the first two chapters of Father Thébaud's book is to give external proof of the unity of the Divine design, and to show that the Catholicity of the future Church was predicted and provided for by the Patriarchal and Mosaic Dispensations from the very moment of the Fall, and was announced and minutely described by the inspired writers of the Old Testament, who clearly stated that the blessings bestowed upon Israel would be imparted to all other nations, and that the entire earth would sing the praises of the true God.

The Divine origin and real significance of these references of ancient prophecy to the supernatural and sacred character of a future universal Church receive further confirmation from frequent allusions made to them in the Books of the New Testament, and more especially from our Lord's direct application of them to Himself and His own mission in the world. Then, again, He is still more explicit in declaring that the redemption which He Himself wrought out would be offered to all, and not to the Hebrews only: and though by example and by word He laid a prohibition upon His disciples not even to set their foot on Gentile or Samaritan ground, yet His words and His acts also prove that the prohibition was but temporary. The author dwells at some length on the entire ignoring by modern rationalistic writers of the position and actual work effected by the Apostles after our Lord's Ascension, indeed in their books the history of the first century is almost a blank. In contradiction of so false a view the fact is that, not only did our Lord command His Apostles to go and teach all nations, but they went forth not merely into the west, but into the remote regions of the east and south, Asia, and Africa as well as Europe, and beyond the confines of the Roman Empire. And the true causes of this energy and success are all derived from their ministry as constituted by Christ. "It was a supernatural office, performed by men invested with supernatural powers. The Apostles knew it, and were sure beforehand that they could not fail." And the source equally of their confidence and of their success was first, Christ Himself and their love towards Him; secondly, prerogatives conferred on them far above all natural endowments; thirdly, the inward strength of the sacramental system; lastly, the organization visible in the Church, even in the Apostolic age.

In treating of the Gentile world as confronting the infant Church, when the Apostles turned from the Jews to begin the spread of the Gospel throughout the whole world, Father Thébaud enters on the main subject of his work, for the task which he had set himself was to consider the Catholicity of the Church soon after her birth, and to this he devotes the remaining portion of his two volumes. He not only goes into great historical details, passing from country to country, and taking in order the different races according to their geographical position, but he states and answers the various objections that have

been raised to the facts or arguments which he makes use of in his progress. And this method introduces such a constant change of subject to the reader as to keep his interest always awake and keenly excited. The history of the early spread of Christianity in Africa leads Father Thébaud to touch on the origin of monasticism, when he reaches Nubia and Ethiopia he speaks of the Christian monuments. Arabia introduces the interesting subject of the spread of Christianity amongst its different tribes. And thus in succession, Persia, Armenia, India, till we turn by way of Asia Minor and Greece, to review the labours of St. Peter and St. Paul in Rome, each presents us with its own distinct character in the refinement of civilization and of learning, or in the coarsest and wildest excesses of paganism. The conclusions which the author draws from his fourth chapter may be applied to all this portion of his work, of which it forms indeed the introduction. He considers that the spread of the Church to the different parts of the then known world must be taken as an irreparable proof of the Divine character and mission of the Church, because the Apostles had to bring mankind, disunited by every conceivable contrast of aptitudes, of thoughts and ideas, of language and manners, but especially of religion and worship, back to that unity of moral and religious thought which prevailed around the cradle of the human race, and this humanly speaking was a hopeless attempt; the destruction therefore of idolatry to so large an extent within the three great Continents cannot be explained naturally, and remains a Divine fact. Again, the thoroughness of the moral and social and political revolution which was thus attempted and accomplished, in which the only human means employed were "the foolishness of preaching," leads up to the same conclusion. Once more, we have but to cast a glance at the universal corruption of the world, at the deep moral taint which, like leprosy, had extended over the whole surface of humanity, to pronounce at once that a faith, which, though an idea wholly new to the Gentile, could yet lead millions of men to adopt the same strict articles of a pure moral code, is capable of no natural explanation, but must be Divine and supernatural. Father Thébaud's volumes give evidence of wide reading and very careful research, and deserve a high position amongst the several learned works which have of late years appeared as worthy successors to the Christian Apologies of the early Church, and which are unhappily in an especial manner called for by modern attacks upon Christianity more subtle and malicious than any which the Apostolic age had to withstand.

2. *Franciscan Martyrs in England.* By Mrs. Hope. Burns and Oates, London, 1878.

We welcome with the greatest joy this little volume—only too little in bulk and too humble in appearance for the subject to which its pages are devoted. It gives us at last some account of the labours and sufferings of the children of St. Francis in our country, both before and

after the change of religion. It will surprise many of our readers, as it has surprised ourselves, to learn that, after the first dispersion and destruction of the English Franciscans—an order always in high favour with our people, and indeed, we may venture to say, an order which has something about it naturally attractive to the English character—an English Province was actually re-established in the reign of Charles the First, and continued to exist down to our own times. The chief figure in this first restoration of the Order of St. Francis in England was, it appears, Father John Genings,—a priest whose conversion was owing to the martyrdom of his brother, Edmund Genings, of whom mention is made, if we are not mistaken, in Lady Georgiana Fullerton's beautiful story, *Constance Sherwood*. The Franciscans of this restoration were high in favour with Queen Henrietta Maria, and for a short time all seemed to go well. Of course they shared in the persecution which ensued when Charles the First lost his power, or rather, when he tried to save some part of it by reviving the execution of the penal laws which he had promised to suspend. They also were great sufferers in the time of the fictitious Popish Plot in the reign of Charles the Second. Still, even in the middle of the last century, the English recollects were comparatively flourishing. The last of the martyrs, as Mrs. Hope tells us, was one of their body—Father Germanus Holmes, who died, after much ill-treatment and hard usage, in Lancaster Castle in 1746. There were in 1760 about a hundred friars, though not, we presume, all in this country, and, a few years later, about the same number, with eighty nuns at Bruges and Aire.

"When at last the persecution of three centuries was closed in 1829 by the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, the Province was in a prosperous state as regarded the number and talents of both friars and novices, and the flourishing condition of the missions. The second Province had come into existence in the fiery heat of persecution, and its life had been nourished and sustained for above two centuries by the blood of its martyrs and the heroic spirit of its confessors. But, on the dawn of peace, the changed position of the Church and the fair prospects opening out before it, necessarily called for a change in its mode of work. During the persecution the friars, in common with the members of other religious orders, had been obliged to live as chaplains in private families or isolated in small scattered missions. It had therefore been impossible to keep up the regular community life, and it is a striking proof of the supernatural energy which still lived in the Province, that the religious spirit had not died out. With a view to the revival of religious discipline, the heads of the order now decided that it would be expedient to suspend for a time the operations of the English Province, preparatory to resuming them in more strict accordance with the rule. In 1830 the Province was consequently dissolved. Its members gradually died off, till at last its only representatives were Father Paschal O'Farrell and the nuns of St. Elisabeth's community in the convent of Our Lady of Dolours at Taunton."

The Franciscans at Gorton, near Manchester, who come from the Belgian Province, are now the representatives of the Order of St. Francis in England. It is well known that they have a magnificent church, and are foremost on every good work for the honour of God. They have already spread to Glasgow, Killarney, and Stratford near London. May they inherit in these islands, and throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire, the fertility which was promised to their seraphic Father, and the blessing so richly earned by the labours and sufferings of his children in England during the centuries of persecution!

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3. *Social Aspects of Catholicism and Protestantism*, in their civil bearing upon Nations. Translated and adapted from the French of M. le Baron de Haulleville, by Henry Bellingham, M.A. With a Preface by His Eminence Cardinal Manning. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co., 1878.

The argument in favour of Catholicism of which writers like Lacordaire and Balmez have been so fond, the argument from the benefits to civilization and intellectual and social progress which can be traced to the influence of the Church, is too powerful and too attractive in the present day not to provoke an attempt at parody from the adversaries of the true faith. It has consequently become almost a stock-topic with shallow writers against the Church to remark on the comparative want of energy and prosperity, the backwardness in material cultivation and enterprize, for which Catholic nations are at present asserted to be conspicuous. The subject-matter is one which admits of a good deal of loose generalization, and there has been more than enough of direct misstatement sent into circulation to account for the self-complacent conviction of their own superiority which strikes the attention in the language and demeanour of Protestant travellers and talkers. A good deal, however, has been said on the other side of the question by men of real knowledge and research, themselves entirely impartial, or prejudiced, if at all, in favour of Protestantism. The defeat of France by Germany in the last European war has, it would seem, revived the courage of the Protestant writers in this controversy, and the last pamphleteer on the anti-Catholic side, M. de Laveleye, has had the honour of being introduced to the English public by a preface from the ever ready but too seldom judicious pen of Mr. Gladstone. M. de Laveleye has been answered in Belgium by M. de Haulleville, and now we have the work of M. de Haulleville presented to us in an English form by Mr. Bellingham.

The work is very well done, though the pamphlet style is perhaps too faithfully retained. Foreign writers, at least writers like M. de Haulleville, are too fond, for our tastes, of what may almost be called the *alinea* method, which gives us a succession of short paragraphs, each a line or two long, instead of the well-filled pages to which we are accustomed. Thus, in the work before us, in which there

is a great deal of quotation, we find ourselves at the very outset confronted with Macaulay's famous passage about Catholicism, taken from the review of Ranke, the "New Zealander" passage, cut up in a manner which the fastidious eye of Macaulay himself would have turned from in displeasure. The reader of Mr. Bellingham's pages will meet with many similar trials. But this is a thoroughly business-like and satisfactory book. It grapples fairly with the subject, and we may venture to predict that even Mr. Gladstone will fight shy of answering it. After two preliminary chapters, the author enters on the details of his subject, and meets his adversary point by point, comparing Catholic and Protestant nations as to political activity and industry, as to their work in the great cause of colonization, as to their relative success in securing and developing civil liberty, as to education, and as to morality. The last chapter but one is particularly important, touching on the destructive effects of the Reformation in all the countries in which it triumphed on civil liberties. All the chapters, indeed, are full of matter for thought, which will bear a more elaborate development than has yet been given to it.

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4. *O'Connell Centenary Record*, 1875. Published by authority of the O'Connell Centenary Committee. Dublin: Joseph Dollard, 1878.

This magnificent work is a memorial of the O'Connell Centenary celebration of three years ago. Its contents are, however, far more than a mere record of meetings, speeches, banquets, and the like. It gives us a very fair memoir of O'Connell, a specimen of his forensic eloquence in a famous speech as counsel for Mr. Magee, the proprietor of the *Evening Post*, who was prosecuted by the Government in 1813 for an alleged libel on the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; the two addresses to the electors of County Clare; an abstract of all the proceedings in the British Parliament concerning the Emancipation of Catholics, from 1778 to 1829; an account of the last days of the Liberator, his obsequies in Rome, on the Continent, and in Dublin; and Father Burke's famous oration at his interment at Glasnevin. The bulk of the volume, of course, is devoted to the narrative of the Centenary celebration itself, but though that may be but of passing interest, it contains many specimens of eloquence and poetry which might not otherwise have been preserved as they deserve to be, such as Lord O'Hagan's Centennial Oration and Mr. Denis Florence Macarthy's Ode. The printing, paper, and illustrations of this handsome volume are worthy of its object. The illustrations include many distinguished living Irishmen, Cardinal Cullen, Lord O'Hagan, Archbishop MacHale, and many others. It will remain in many a public and private library as a cherished record of an anniversary of which Irishmen may always be proud.

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